

Issue 99  
(with monkey blood)

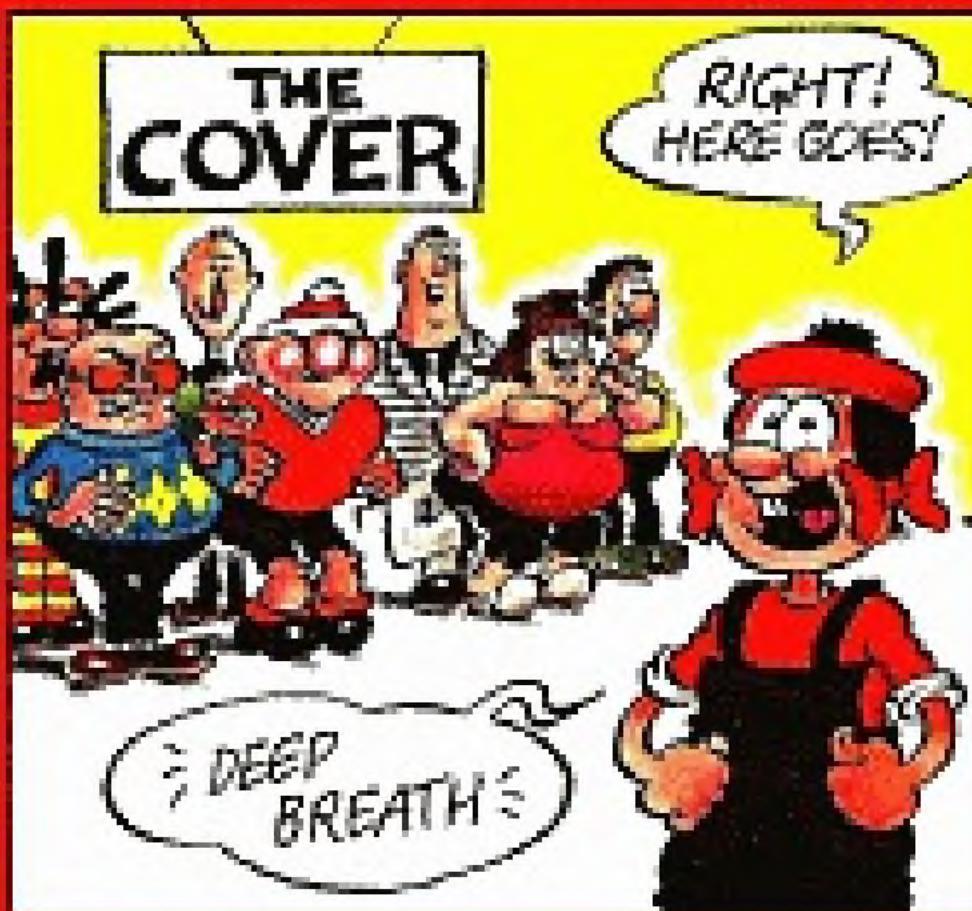
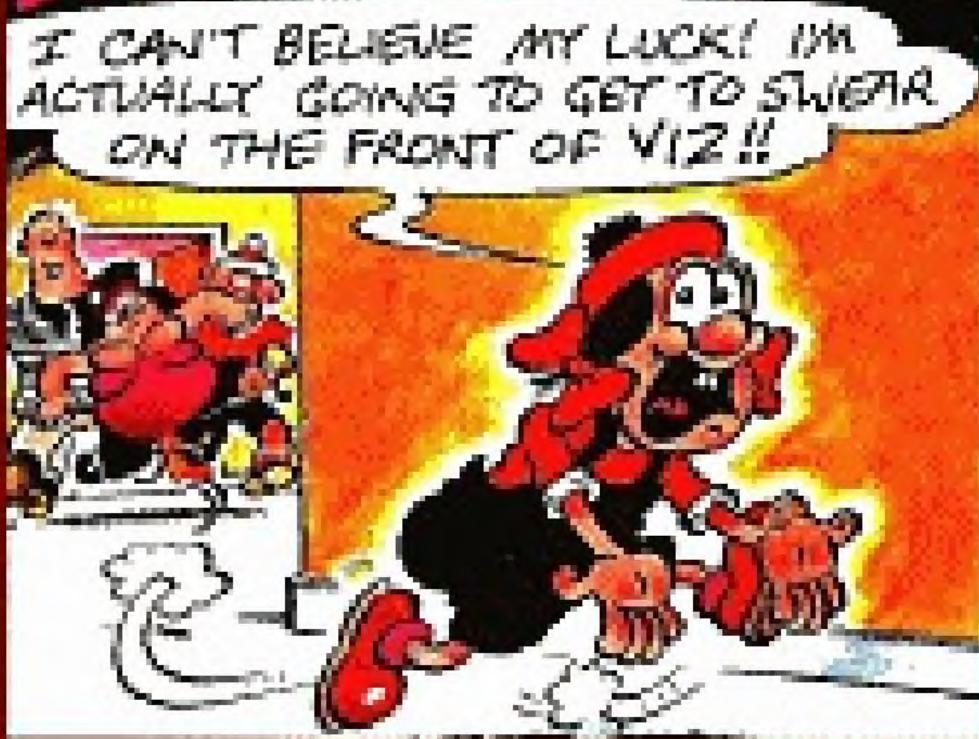
# 20th Anniversary BUMPER SWEARIEST COVER EVER!

£1.75

(\$3.95 in the USA)

NOT FOR BASTARD SALE  
TO FUCKING CHILDREN

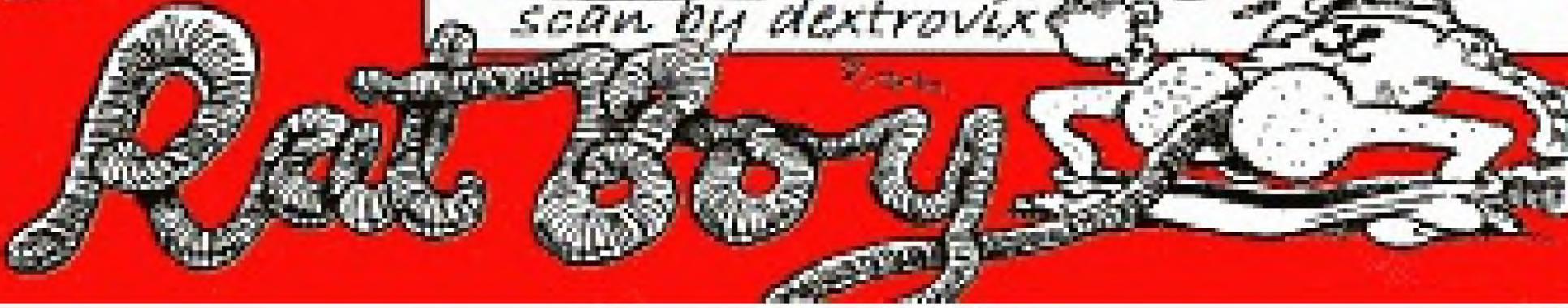
## SWEARY MARY



Packed to Fuck with  
your 4-Letter Friends



& introducing...



99  
9 770952 796054

# VIZ

ISSUE 99

## Contents

### Letterbox-

Comment on the issues that concern you. This week - left-handed wanking, shaven bikini lines and flea circuses.

Pages 6&7



Another batch of crudities to make you laugh your fondleberries off. Or not.

pages 6&7

### H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

AND HIS WACKY CAPERS

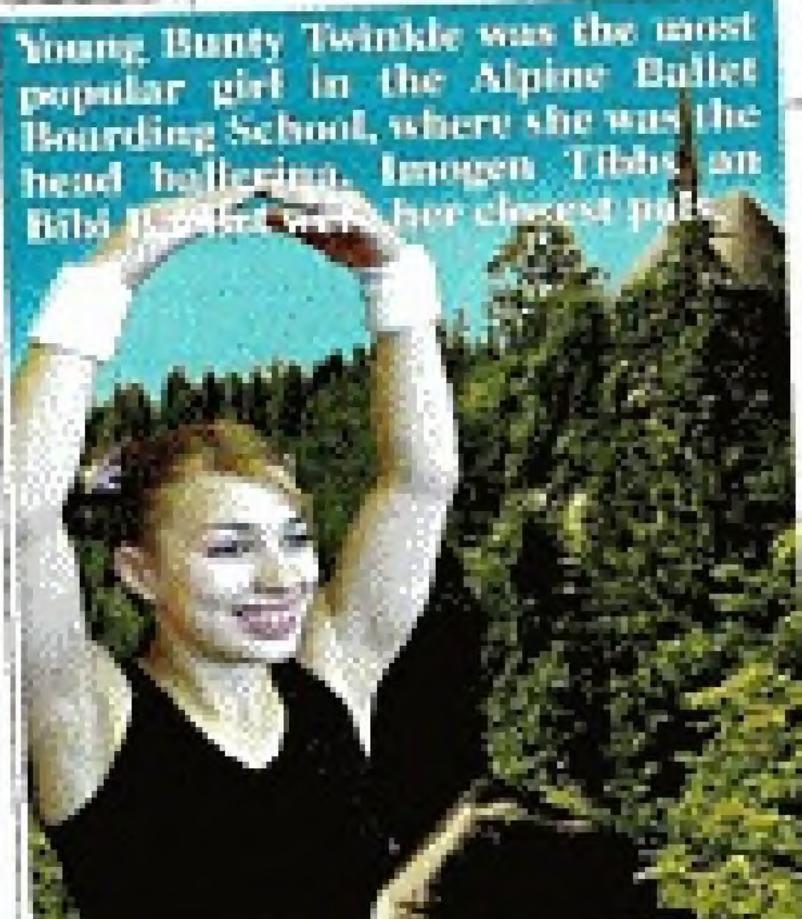
page 48



### Johnny Fartpants-

Yuletide flatulence with Viz's favourite fartarse.

pages 28&29



Remember Me this Way-  
Real-life photo luvv in an Alpine Ballet School.

page 15

How the Stock Exchange Works -

Read and learn about one of Britain's most intriguing institutions.

pages 32&33



Thursday's Adventures of Jacjac-  
More thrills with the boy reporter  
page 41



Plus- The usual crew of characters and the return of Black Bag.

### CHRISTMAS WITH

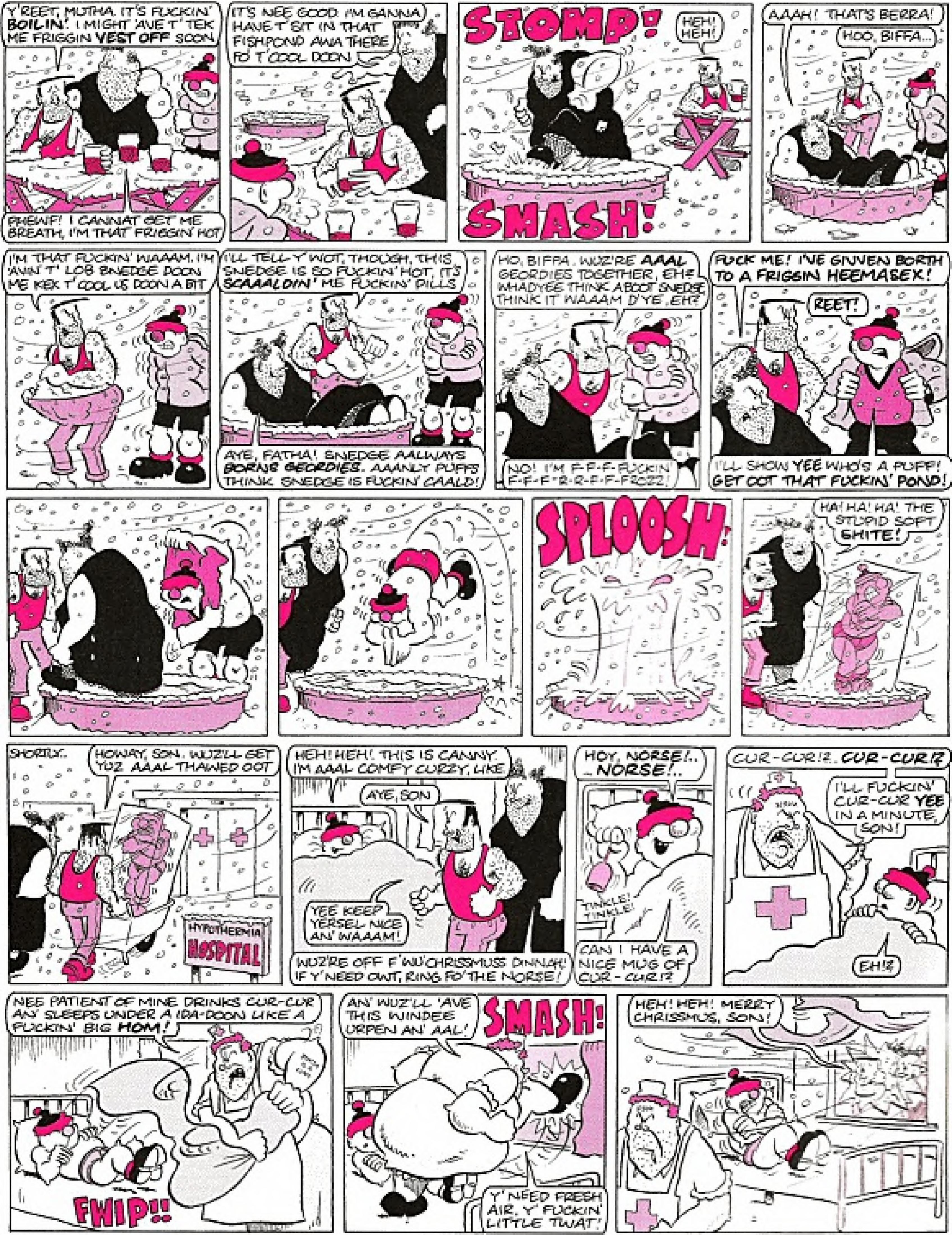
BIFFA

MUTHA

### THE BACONS

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY WHEN YUZ'D BRING SHAME ON THE NAME O' THE FUCKIN' BACONS





# Letterbox

## Star Letter

These so-called 'disposable' cameras are such a farce. Now I have absolutely no record of a perfectly lovely holiday

S. Partridge  
email

May I just say that not everyone who watches the Miss World contest on television is a slobbering sexist. Some of us think that in these cynical times it is refreshing to hear beautiful girls so concerned about the environment, elderly people and world poverty. The fact that they are wearing skimpy costumes barely concealing their vibrant, rounded breasts and tantalising us with the briefest glimpses of shaven bikini lines covering their mounds of pleasure is totally irrelevant.

Paul Dixon  
Northumberland

I am amazed at the poor state of driving in this country. Only yesterday, in dense fog, I passed dozens of motorists who were doing in excess of 90 miles per hour.

Tony English  
email

Letterbox  
Viz, PO Box 1PT  
Newcastle upon Tyne  
NE99 1PT  
Fax 0191 2414244  
email viz.comic@virgin.net

## Phoney lines

The girls on the 'Live 1-2-1, 30 second instant cum lines' are not really 19-year-old blonde Swedish nymphos with a 38-22-36 figure. They're more likely to be fat 49-year-old boilers with saggy tits, big arses and treble chins. I should know, because my missus is one.

A. Berry  
Grimsby



Does anyone else reckon that this twat from the group 'N SYNC looks a bit like Student Grant?

T. Charles  
Wigan

**It's the page that can't shake the dewdrop off its Herman Gelmet**

## He's got the hump



I was recently on holiday in Morocco, and I took this photograph of what must surely be the world's most miserable man. I mean, if he isn't happy giving camel rides to tourists, why doesn't he get another job?

S. Gill  
Gateshead

*Have you ever met anybody more miserable looking in their day to day work than this bloke? Send us a snap of their sour face and we'll give a copy of The Rusty Sheriff's Badge to the best ones we receive. Mark your envelope 'Les Miserables' and send it to our usual address.*

## Blue blood

So your Royal Family are worth all the millions they cost because of all the tourist dollars they bring into the country? If they were really committed to boosting tourism, they would strip naked and perform depraved sex shows on the balcony of Buckingham Palace. I wouldn't travel round the block to see your Queen changing the guard, but I'd fly halfway round the world to see Lady Melons Windsor licking out Sophie Rhys-Jones whilst getting ridden up the ass by Zara Phillips with a 10 inch strap-on. Hot diggity!

Chuck Schwartzheimer,  
San Francisco

My wife bought me a really special birthday present recently, but I'm not going to tell your readers what it was. Imagine my surprise.

S. Partridge  
email

*What's the most special present you've received that you're not prepared to disclose to us? There's a tenner for each one you write in and don't tell us about.*

British readers may be interested to know that the other day I saw the popular character 'Harold' off Neighbours walking around Melbourne. And I can tell you he looks a very different person. Off-screen he is painfully thin, a foot taller and sports a moustache, but he still wears his unmistakable coke-bottle glasses. At least I think it was Harold off Neighbours.

Justin Deegan  
Cobram, Australia

When will greengrocers stop referring to 'New Potatoes'? They've been out for years now, so isn't it about time they just called them potatoes?

T. Doyle  
Dagenham

## The reverie's a bastard

Since I won the Football Pools, my life has been like a dream come true. Only the other day I gave my girlfriend a cuddle, but she turned into my dead grandad and started to chase me, and it was like I was running through treacle. And then I realised my maths 'A' level was about to start in ten minutes and I'd done no revision and couldn't find a pen.

G. Coe  
Loughborough

My mum told me never to listen to rumours. Consequently my copy of Tusk is completely shagged out.

A. Formby  
The Wirral

R. Baker  
Stroud

CAN YOU LEND ME A TENNER  
TILL I GET BACK ON MY FEET



## Hack issue

□ About a year ago in issue 92, you published a picture in the 'subscriptions' bit of the magazine. I have an awful feeling that the person in the picture is me, though I have no direct recollection of it being taken. I guess it dates back to my days as a callow cub reporter on the Northern Echo, many years ago. I would be grateful if you could confirm the origin of the picture or tell me if there was an original caption so as I can find out what the hell I was up to. Not much judging from the evidence.

Steve Harris  
Winchester

Well, Steve, the magazine was called 'Stockings! A lively look at legs'. If you were shocked to see yourself in this picture, you'd be horrified with later ones where you took your clothes off revealing yourself to be a woman.

## Hopping mad

□ I am a Flea Circus owner and recently decided to groom my performers for a big show. I chose 'Johnson's Dog Flea Shampoo', but far from cleaning my fleas' hair, it actually killed them. Let this serve as a warning to other flea keepers.

D. Miller  
Kiphill



## Opportunity Knockout

□ They say that in a fight, you should use your opponent's weight against them. That's all very well, but it didn't do my uncle any good when he was attacked in a pub by Lena Zavaroni.

P. Miller  
London

## Well hung over

□ Despite all I've had to drink over the past years, my cock still does a bloody good job. Let's hear it for my knob.

Craig Parks  
Wimbourne

**WHAT'S YOUR FUCKING PROBLEM?**

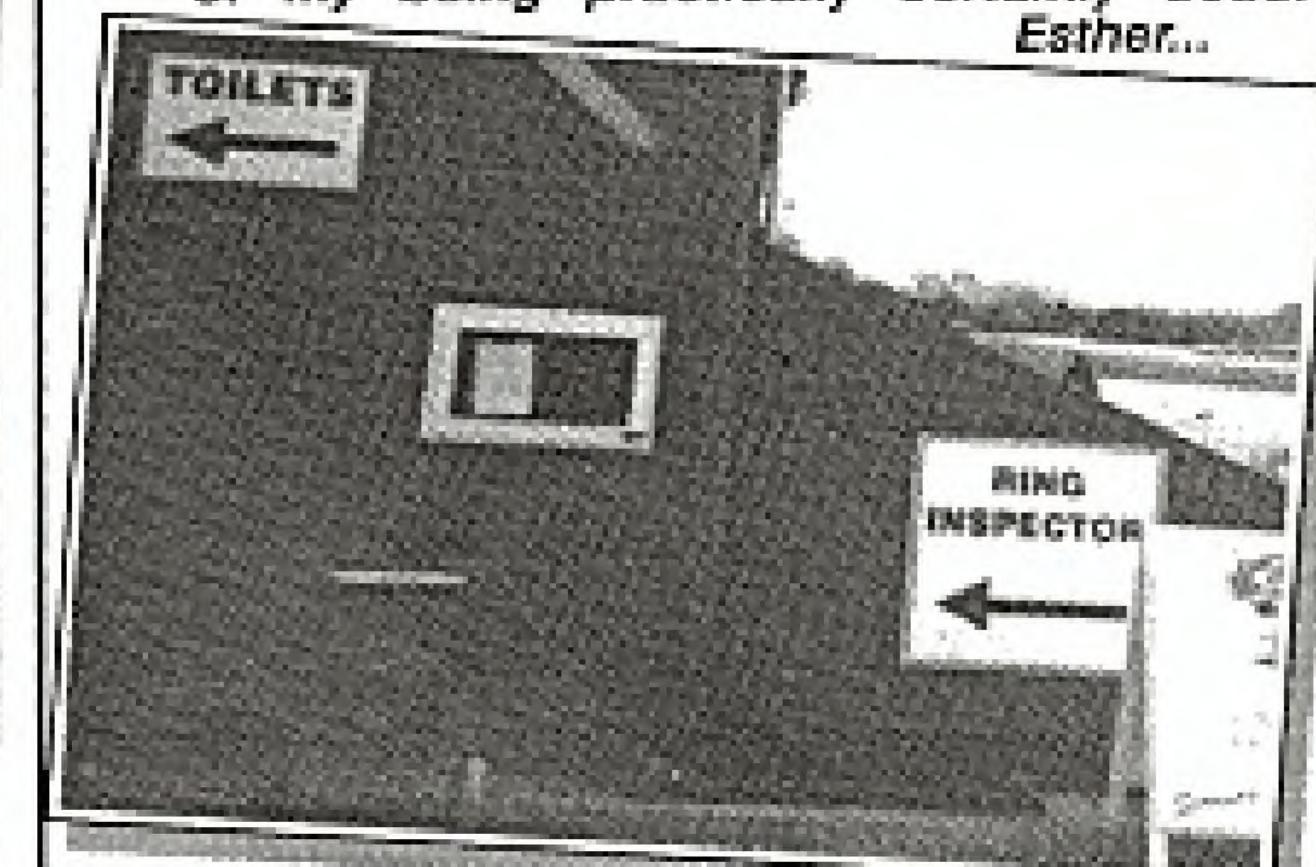
## Miriam sorts you out

Dear Miriam... I started a new job about a year ago and became friends with this wonderful young woman. About three months ago, our friendship turned into something more affectionate. The trouble is, we are currently in a pub, and I'm trying to get back from the bar with two pints, a gin and tonic and a bag of crisps under my arm. The room is very crowded. Do you mind if I just squeeze past you there?

*@Miriam says...* Hoy! What's your fucking game? You've split me fuckin' pint. It was a full 'un an' all, you clumsy wanker.  
*Dear Miriam...* Oh! I'm sorry.  
*@Miriam says...* Ayef You fuckin' will be, son. Outside, now!  
*Dear Miriam...* Look, I really don't want any trouble, I just...  
*@Miriam says...* Come on. You start it. Stick one there. Come on!



I am indebted to Mr. Calvin Evans for this bi-monthly photograph, taken whilst enjoying a day at Uttoxeter Racecourse. Mr. Evans advises anyone using the public conveniences there for defaecatory purposes should ensure they wipe properly as they are liable to have their anus inspected by one of the course officials. I would at this point like to add some witty little pun concerning equestrianism and anuses, but sadly I am unable to think of one, on account of my being practically certainly dead. Esther...



□ Would S.L. Marston (Letterbox issue 98) mind waiting his turn? I was here before him, and I still haven't had my 'Early Riser' breakfast yet.

B. Corry  
Table 4  
Bardon Mill Little Chef

□ People often complain about how American culture and tradition is being imported wholesale to Britain, changing the face of our nation. I agree that we are turning a little 'Americanised' in our outlook, but there are many charming customs that arrive from 'over the pond'. Halloween used to be a non-event over here, now I can look forward to gangs of threatening looking fifteen year-olds in plastic 50p horror

masks demanding a quid each not to overturn my dustbins and snap my car aerial.

S. Marsden  
Barnsley

## Jugged Aries



□ I think astrology is a pile of shit. My girlfriend

is an Aries and she's got tits like two thrupenny bits on an ironing board. Meanwhile, her younger sister, who is also an Aries, has got the biggest pair of paps I've ever seen. I'd like roly-poly astrologer Russell Grant to explain that if he can.

Andrew Nesbit  
email

## Stroke of inspiration

□ I am left handed, and I have to laugh, because every time I have a wank, it feels like somebody else is doing it.

L. Vincent  
Stoke



# Top Tips

**BELL RINGERS.** Don't waste time raising money to save your church bells. Get the same teeth-grating effect by simply dropping different lengths of scaffolding pipe off the roof of the church at 8 o'clock every Sunday morning.

**Mark Smith**  
Wantage

**OFFICE managers.** When leaving your office desk for any length of time, make sure you leave your mobile phone on and unattended. Set it to play 'The Yellow Rose of Texas' loudly, instead of just ringing, then complain loudly when you return and find it in pieces in the bin.

**Damian O'Neill**  
Heaton

**SAD blokes.** When attempting to get into a barmaid's knickers, why not 'playfully' pull back your tenner just as she reaches to take it when paying for a round. It really turns me on.

**Rosie**  
Bristol

**MUMS over 50.** Don't forget the last date for boiling Christmas carrots and sprouts is the 5th December.

**Pete O'Bog**  
West Bromwich

**BIG ISSUE venders.** Have blonde hair and big tits. That way you'll sell more copies.

**G. Rice**  
Liverpool

**PARENTS.** Baffle everyone your baby daughter will ever meet by calling her 'Shivorn' but insist it is pronounced 'Sea O'Bar'.

**A. Doloresa**  
Hove

**TIRED** of being nagged to walk the dog. Pretend you've already taken it out by unrolling a turkey rasher out the side of its mouth whilst it lies by the fire to give it that shagged out look.

**D. Pickering**  
Whitehaven

**AMERICAN locomotive drivers.** When confronted with a car obstructing a rail crossing, the brake pedal is the one that slows the train down, not the one that sounds the fucking horn.

**Jim Gearbox**  
Lamesville

**SINGLE people.** Pretend you're having sex by parking your car in a secluded country lane and steam up your windows using a 'travel kettle' plugged into the cigarette lighter.

**Alastair Green**  
email

**A pair of fox terriers,** one strapped to each foot make ideal 'organic' rollerskates.

**Justin Deegan**  
Victoria, Aus.

**ASTHMATICS.** Avoid going on holiday to places where the scenery is described as breathtaking.

**J. Cloth**  
Bedside Manor

**SURPRISE** your wife by tidying her underwear drawer when she's out. Try on stockings to check for ladders, and try on bras and suspenders to check for broken clasps. Keep defective lingerie hidden in the shed as it can be used to clean up paint or tie garden canes, etc.

**R. Leigh**  
Rayleigh

**G. Rice**  
Liverpool

**PARENTS.** Baffle everyone your baby daughter will ever meet by calling her 'Shivorn' but insist it is pronounced 'Sea O'Bar'.

**A. Doloresa**  
Hove

# Roger's PROFANISaurus



Thanks to everyone who's sent in an entry to Roger's Profanisaurus. Keep them coming in, and we'll keep updating it. And we've had so many requests for the limited edition Profanisaurus mug that we've had to order another limited edition job lot. So if you haven't received yours yet, please hang on a bit, though we're afraid the offer is now closed.

**air lingus** n. A sexual position adopted by soft porn jazz mug lesbians where one is just about to lick the other one's twat.

**Ark Royal Landing Deck** n. Descriptive of the state of the 'U' bend in a student house toilet.

**blanket drill** n. Mil. An early morning *mutton musket* practice that results in the loss of the officer's mess.

**boozie tardis** n. A four dimensional beer scooter.

**bottled Bass** n. Descriptive of the lubricity of a snoot, as in "You may be knocking on a bit, love, but you're granny's oysters are frothing like bottled Bass."

**bunny-boiler** n. A determined woman who misinterprets a one-off drunken scuttle as the overture to a deep and lasting relationship, then tries to win your affections when you go back to the missus by boiling your kids' pets.

**chimney sweep's brush** n. Dick Van Dyke's penis.

**doppelganger dick** n. A hard-on of such intensity, that one's own face is seen reflected in the shiny head, affording it the appearance of a miniature double.

**dung dreadlocks** n. Haile Selassie's beaded curtains. Laid-back tignuts.

**eye magnets** n. Lovely tits. **fallen off her bike** euph. A monthly cycle accident leaving a woman bleeding from the saddle area.

**fondleberries** n. Testicles. **gashtray** n. The gusset of a lady's farting crackers.

**Gnasher's loot** n. A promis-

cuous woman's sexual history, ie. a long string of big sausages.

**grave-sniffer** n. A senior citizen. A coffin-dodger.

**lilies on the pond** n. The artistic practice popularised by impressionist painter Claude Monet of laying sheets of toilet tissue on the water surface before giving birth to *Meatloaf's daughter*. A *pap baffle*.

**pigeon's chest** n. The female swimsuit *lunchbox*. The *beetle bonnet*.

**playing snooker** with a piece of string sim. Trying to *sink a pink* with a *doobie*.

**poosticks** n. Game whereby lolly sticks are inserted into *barkers' eggs* by curious children.

"What are you doing?" squeaked Piglet excitedly. 'I'm pushing a lolly stick into a dog shit,' replied Christopher Robin. (From *When we were very, very young* by A.A. Milne).

**prick-stick** n. A white DIY glue in a handy tubular dispenser used solely to stick the pages of an *art pamphlet* together.

**roughing up the suspect** v. What a vice squad copper tells his superiors he's doing when he's caught polishing his *bobby's helmet* in the seized porn store room.

**Samantha ring** sl. A *ring* piece. From Samantha Janus.

**scumper** n. Someone who lays sheets of bog roll on the seat of a public toilet so as his *arse* does not touch the same place as someone else's *arse* has touched. The late Carry-on star Kenneth Williams was known to scump.

**SPAD accr.** Signal passed at danger. To drive your *InterCity 125* at full pelt into the tunnel, despite seeing the red warning signs at the entrance. To shag someone who has *fallen off her bike*.

**spreader** n. A variation on a moony, whereby the buttocks are manually pulled apart to reveal the freckle.

**spunk gurning** n. The delightful faces a grumble-flick actress pulls as she excitedly anticipates the tipping of the romantic lead's cement onto her face, thirty four and a halfer n. A gentleman blessed with the ability to perform *horsesho* upon himself.

**tits on a fish** n. Descriptive of a supremely useless thing, as in "Did you see Stan Collymore play on Saturday? He was as much use as tits on a fish."

**tramp's mate** n. Someone who looks like they probably stink, eg. Danny Baker, Jokey Wilson.

trying to get the last pickled onion from the jar euph. Deep *gasser typing*.

up to the maker's nameplate adv. An engineering term for being *conkers deep*.

**video cripple** n. One who can normally walk perfectly well, but loses this ability when returning a video to the shop and has to park right outside, even if it's a double yellow line or is restricting traffic. Similar to *cashpoint cripple*.

**wall switch** n. An excitable lady's *clematis*.

## Our Teacher's a Microbe



# WEE JOCK POPPYCOCK

T'WAS REMEMBRANCE DAY IN THE VILLAGE OF OLDE SPORRAN... AND THE SCHOOL BAIRNS HAD GATHERED, TO REMEMBER THE FALLEN...

WEE JOCK! HAVE YE WAY TRICK RESPECT FOR THE DEED O' TWO WORLD WARRS? WHI, YER NOO EVEN WEARIN' A POPPY INT' YER LAPEL! J-



THE TEACHER WAS DUMBFOUNDED, BUT THIS WAS WAY TRICK... FOR HIS PUPIL DID INDEED HAVE A POPPY FOR A CHICK...



SO THROUGH A MINUTES SILENCE, JOCK SET THE SOLEMN TONE, BY PROUDLY WAVING HIS WILLY AT THE MEMORIAL STONE...



AS THEY SHIPPED BACK TO SCHOOL, THEIR REMEMBRANCE COMPLETE... SIR INFORMED HIS LUCKY PUPILS OF A SPECIAL WEE TREAT...

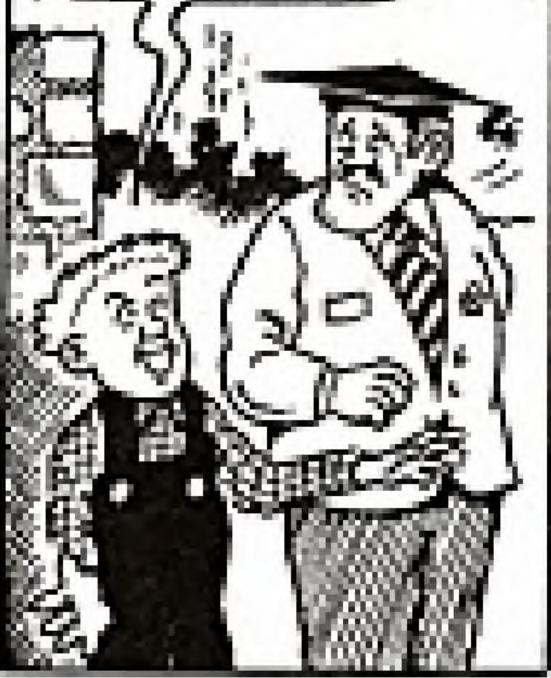


BUT WHEN THEY RETURNED, SIR FELT SUCH A FOOL... FOR HIS CLUMSY QUEST SPEAKER HAD BLOWN UP THE SCHOOL.



© D. McQuiverty - C. McQuiverty 2004

ERM... SIR? I MIGHT JUST HAVE A WEE IDEA UP MAH SLEEVE. SO I MIGHT.



QUITE SOON A NEW SCHOOL ROSE OUT OF THE RUINS... AND THE MAYOR'S HEAD SPUN WITH THE SPEED OF THE DOIN'S...



SO THE BAIRNS AND THEIR TEACHER GOT THEIR HAPPY SCHOOL BACK... THANKS TO ONE WEE JOCK POPPYCOCK, AND THE MARKET FOR SMACK...



the adventures  
of

## MAJOR MISUNDERSTANDING

**SNIP SNIP SNIP**

AH, HELLO, MY NAME'S REVEREND JIM HAWTHREY,



I'M JUST POPPING ROUND TO SAY HELLO AND INTRODUCE MYSELF



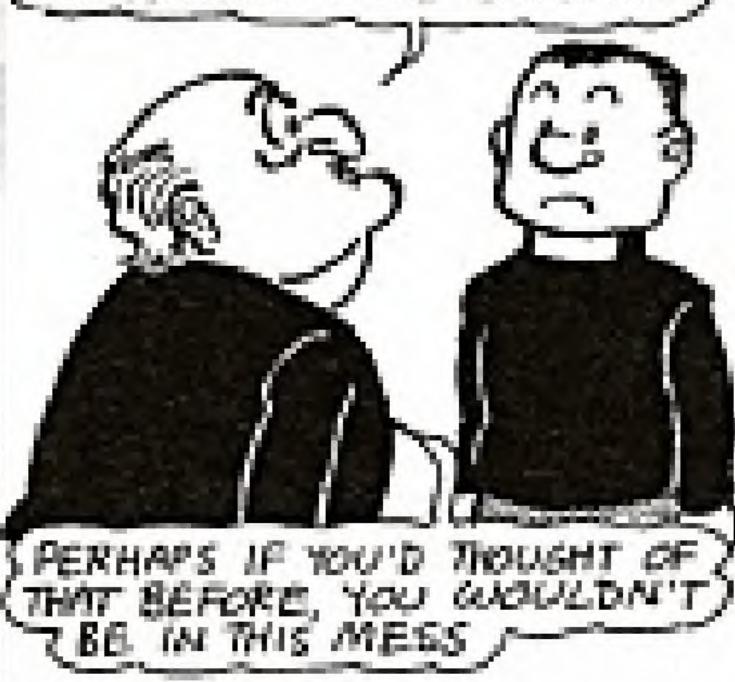
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME MAKING THOSE DOE-EYES AT ME, YOUNG LADY



THE ONLY REASON YOUR TYPE HAVE CHILDREN IN THE FIRST PLACE IS BECAUSE YOU'RE AFTER THE WELFARE HANDOUTS



A CHILD NEEDS A MOTHER AND A FATHER. THAT'S A PROPER FAMILY. NEVER MIND YOUR PROMISCUOUS "FREE-LOVE-ISM"



MOST OF YOU SINGLE MOTHERS ARE PROSTITUTE ANYWAY



**SNIP SNIP SNIP**



# FELIX

AND HIS AMAZING UNDERPANTS



# H marks the spot as he buries The Viz Box for the Year

2000

IN A LAVISH ceremony last week in the Viz Italian Sunken Garden, the Viz Box for the Year 2000 was buried by H out of Steps. The time capsule, which contains mementos of our own century, will not see the light of day until the next millennium.

When it is opened, it will show the Viz readers of the future exactly how people lived in our times. The objects placed inside the box have been specially selected to represent all the different aspects of modern life.

**Here is what is Inside the Viz Box for the Year 2000.**



**A jazz-mag.**  
From our viewpoint here in the 20th century, we find it amazing that our Victorian ancestors used to masturbate frenziedly if they so much as caught a glimpse of a piano leg. And likewise, how soft the art pamphlet of today will seem to the space-age bugster of the future! Armed with his interactive 3-dimensional holographic virtual reality sex helmet, he'll be able to choose from a limitless menu of depraved pornographic scenarios, of a core far harder than we can even imagine, before settling down for a shameless shuffle - into a glittery silver sack!

#### Paperclips.

Some paperclips. Because everyone will communicate by telepathy in the next millennium, paper will no longer be required. And with no bits of paper to hold together, paperclips will soon find themselves surplus to requirements too. The man of the future who opens the box will certainly scratch his head when he sees these curious little things!

#### Money.

We are including examples of every coin that is currently legal tender (except the pound and the two pound. And the fifty pence). Shopping in the year 2000 will not involve these primitive, clumsy coins which we take for granted. The shopper of the future will simply have the cost of his purchases debited automatically from his bank account, using a thin magnetic strip, on a piece of plastic no bigger than a credit card.

In the next millennium, disease will be nothing more than a closed chapter in an unread history book on the dusty shelves of a library. On the moon. Wonder-drugs of today, such as AZT, Elasto-plast and Tunes will have long since vanished from the medicine cabinets of the future. Anyone who catches an illness will simply have his head cloned onto a disease-free body. And he won't have to worry about joining a long waiting list for his operation either. The whole process will take no more than 5 minutes, and all he'll have to do is slip a twenty-pence piece into the slot of a "Clone-Me" booth, in his local Post Office, Railway Station, or Woolworths.

After burying the box, H out of Steps made a map showing its exact location in the Viz Italian Sunken Garden, so that the people of the year 2000 will be able to locate it easily. And he hopes that - if he's still alive - he will be present when it finally surfaces again, in the first issue of Viz in the year 2000.

#### A newspaper.

In the world of tomorrow, the cumbersome papers we know today will be a thing of yesterday. In the future, computers small enough to fit on a desk will be commonplace in many homes. To catch up on world events, people in the year 2000 will simply hold their hand on a humming, glowing sphere and close their eyes. It will make a 'mimyow mimyow' noise, and an entire newspaper - including the crossword, the racing and the TV (all SEVEN channels!) - will be instantly downloaded into their brain.

#### A bowl of Weetabix.

Breakfast, like all meals in the future, will come in pill form. A bowl of cereal such as the one in our box will be familiar to the man who digs it up only as a dusty museum exhibit, or a faded picture in a history book.

#### Half a packet of Lockets.



## Sad Death of Lucy the Viz Elephant

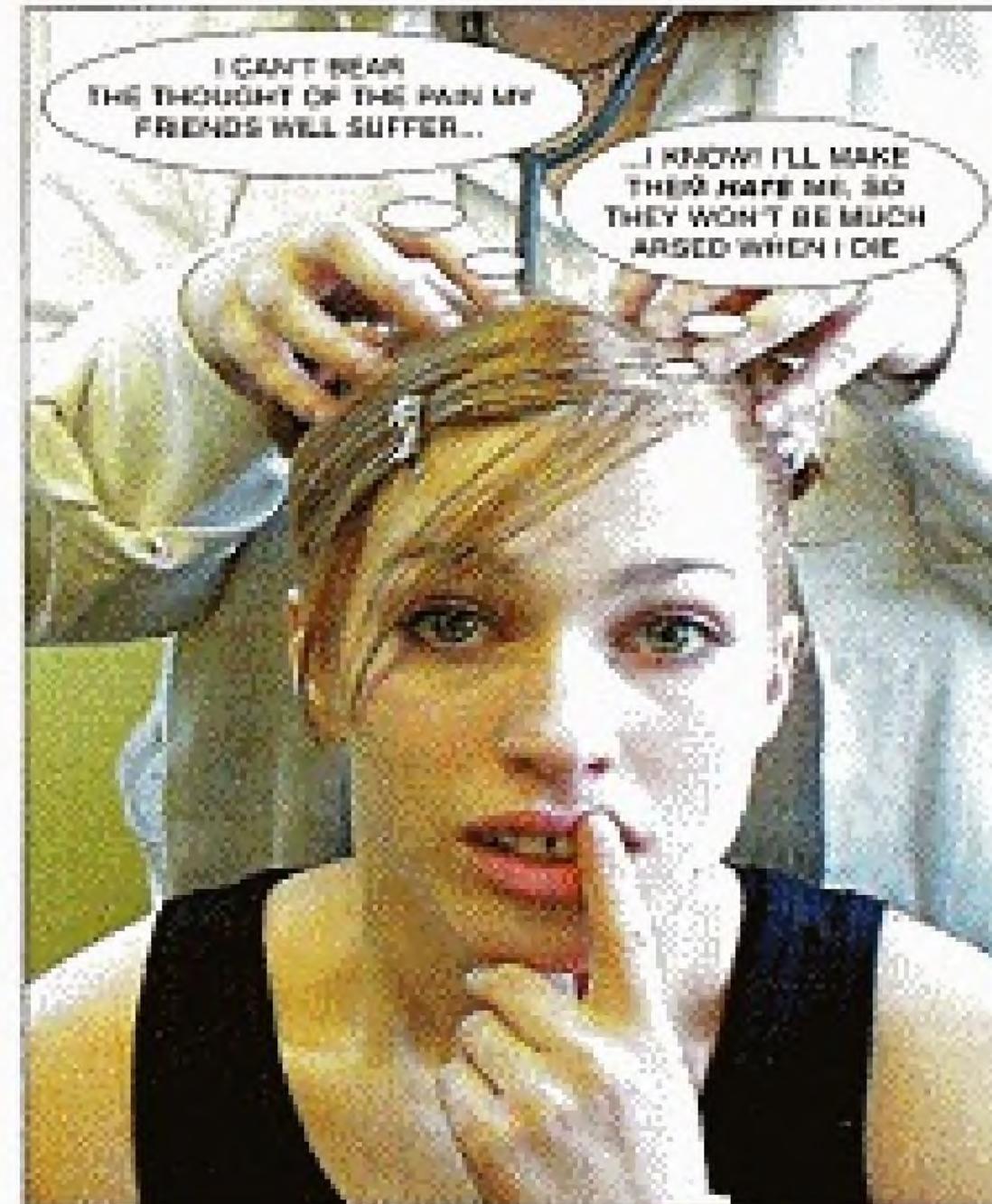
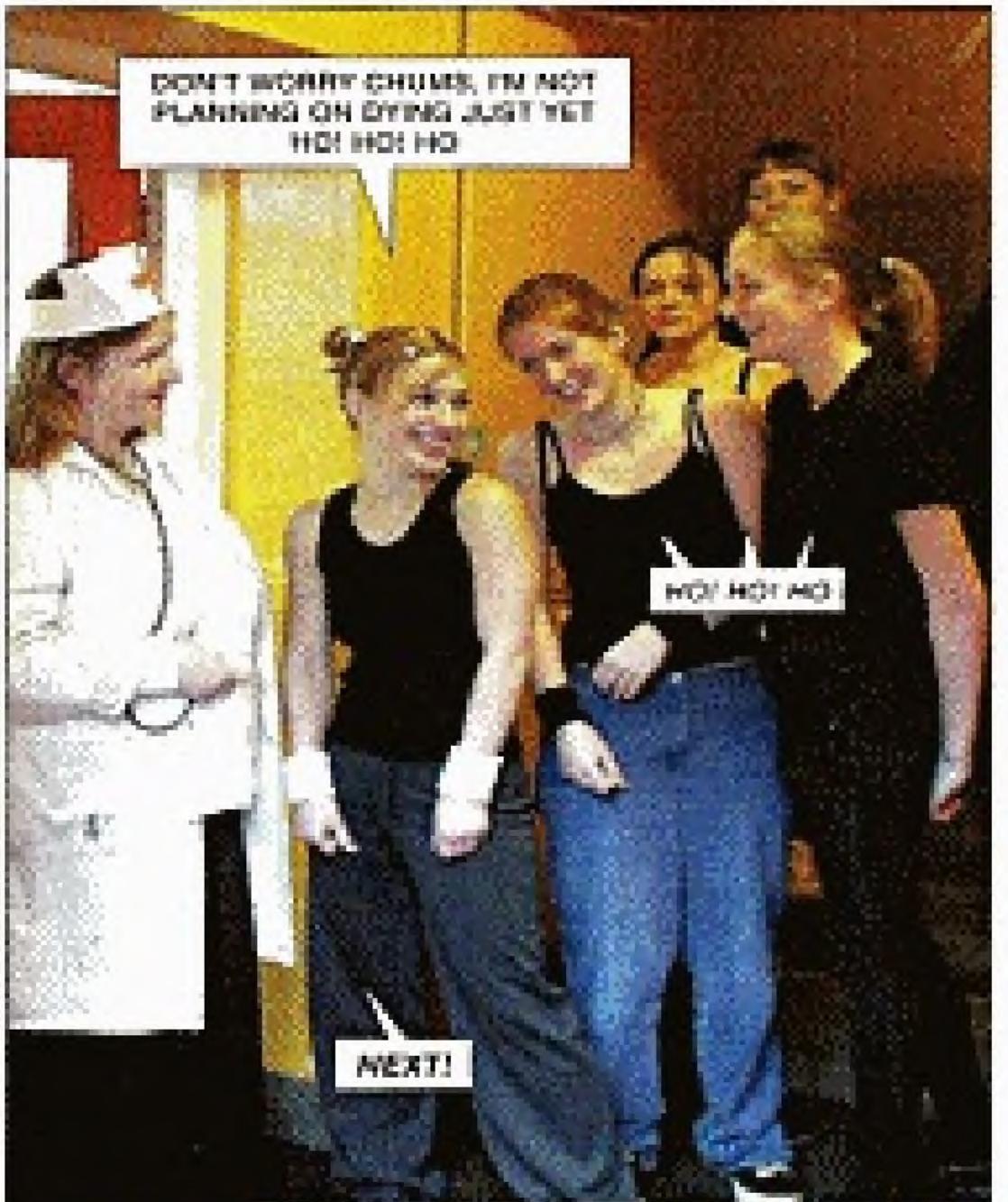
REGULAR readers of Viz will be saddened to hear of the death of Lucy, the Viz elephant. She became a firm favourite in the late seventies, making numerous public appearances where she gave rides to children, but quickly outgrew her home, a lock-up garage in Huddersfield, and eventually retired from the limelight.

In the mid eighties, Lucy once again hit the headlines when she was found, still in her Huddersfield lock-up garage - but now seriously malnourished and neglected.

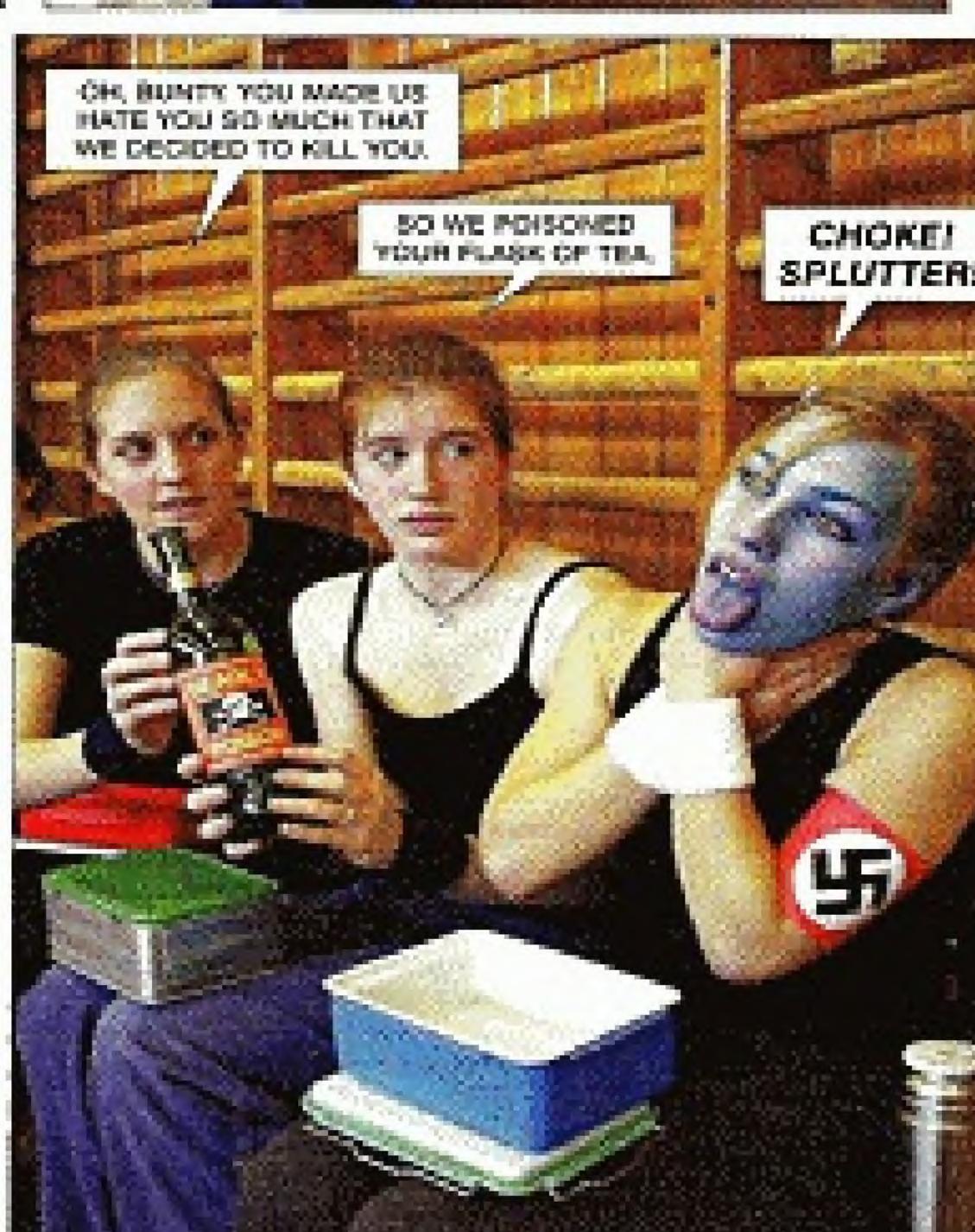
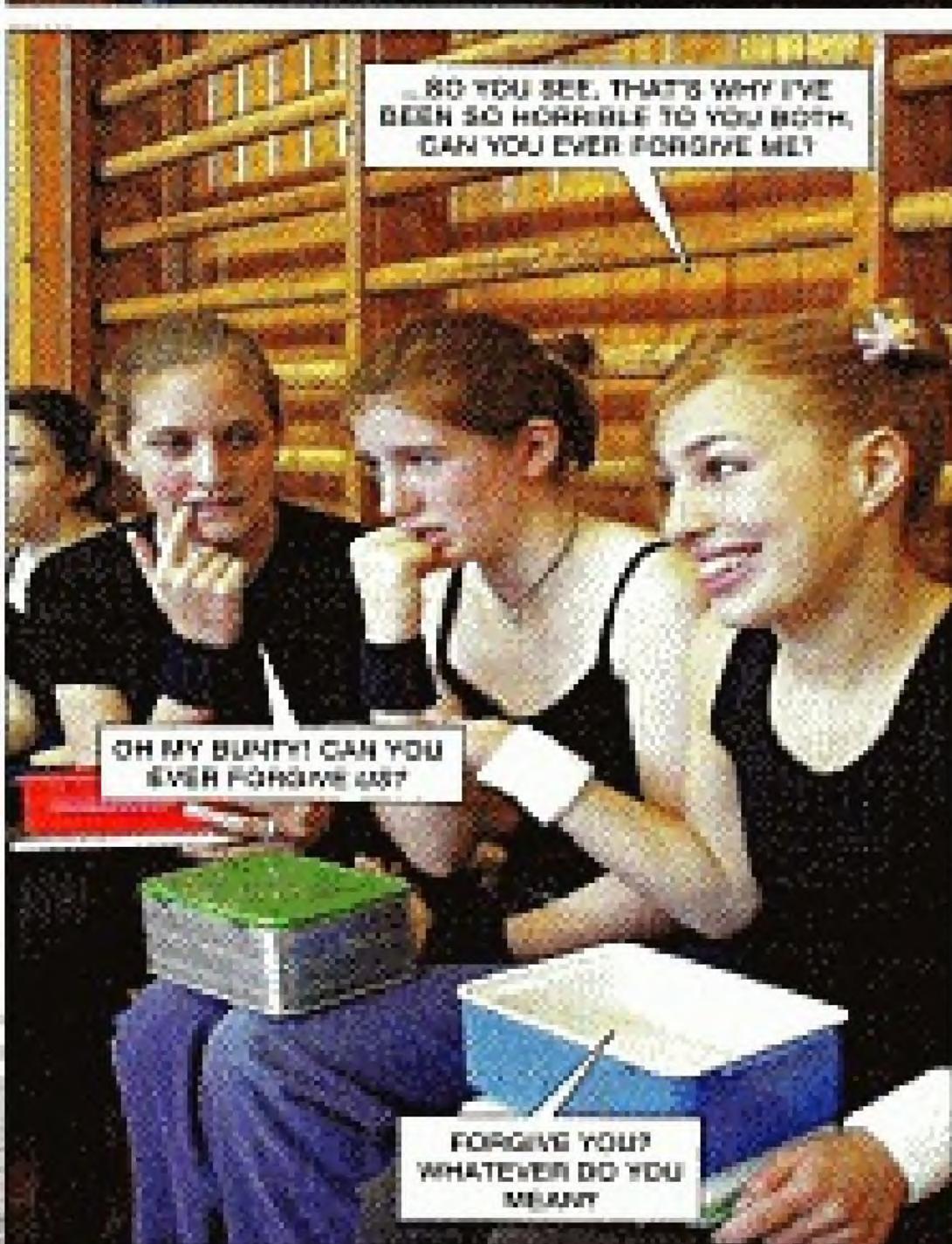
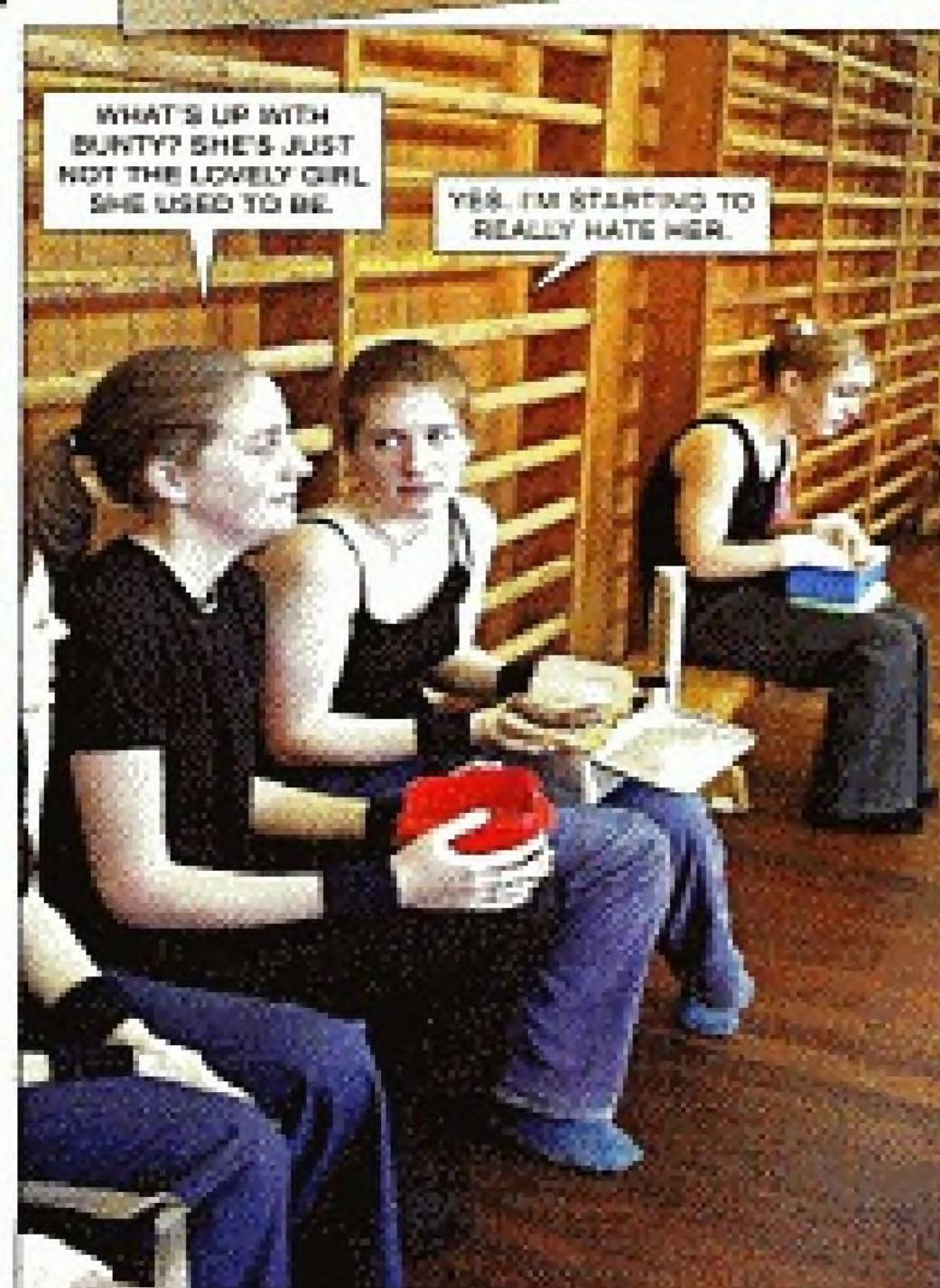
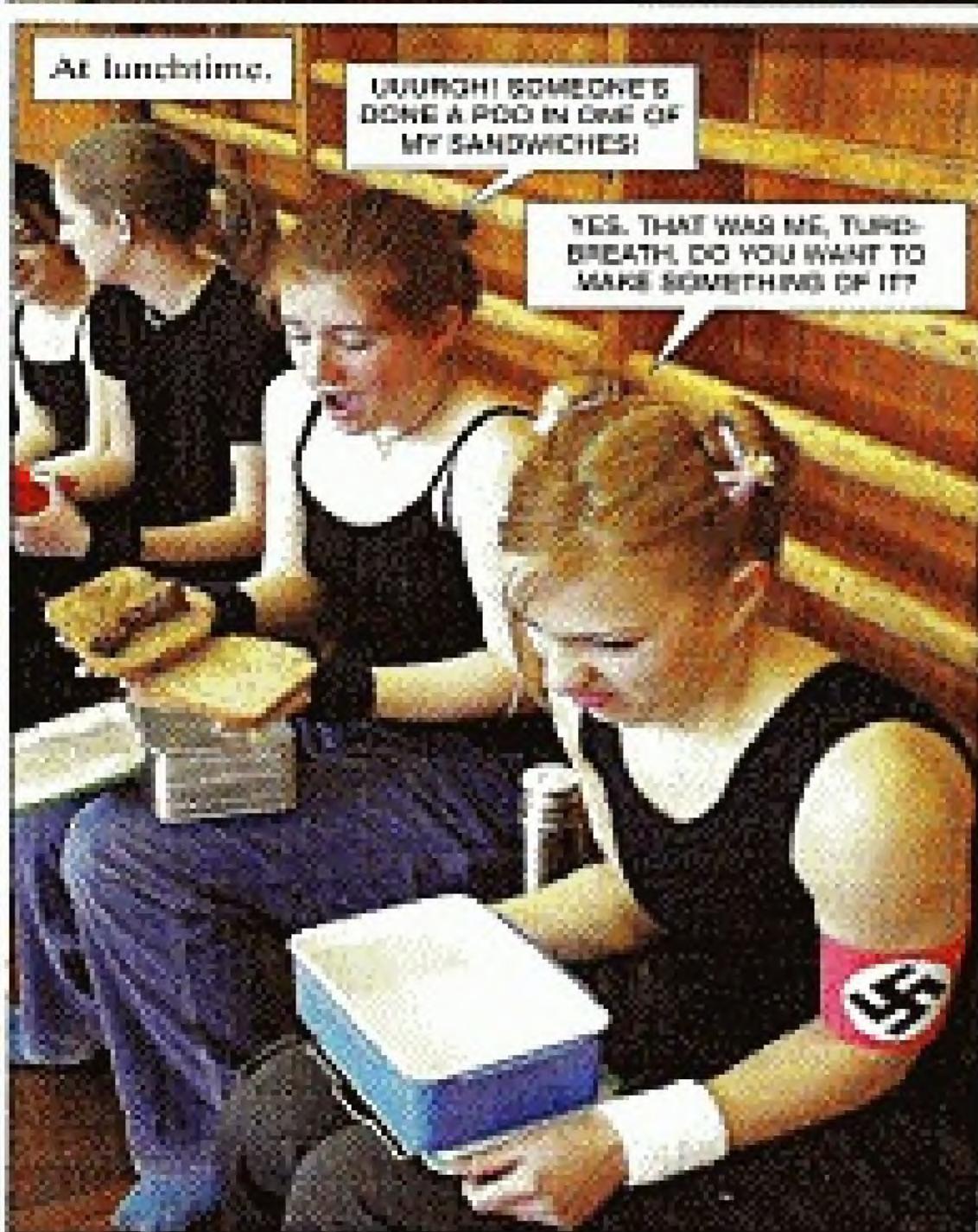
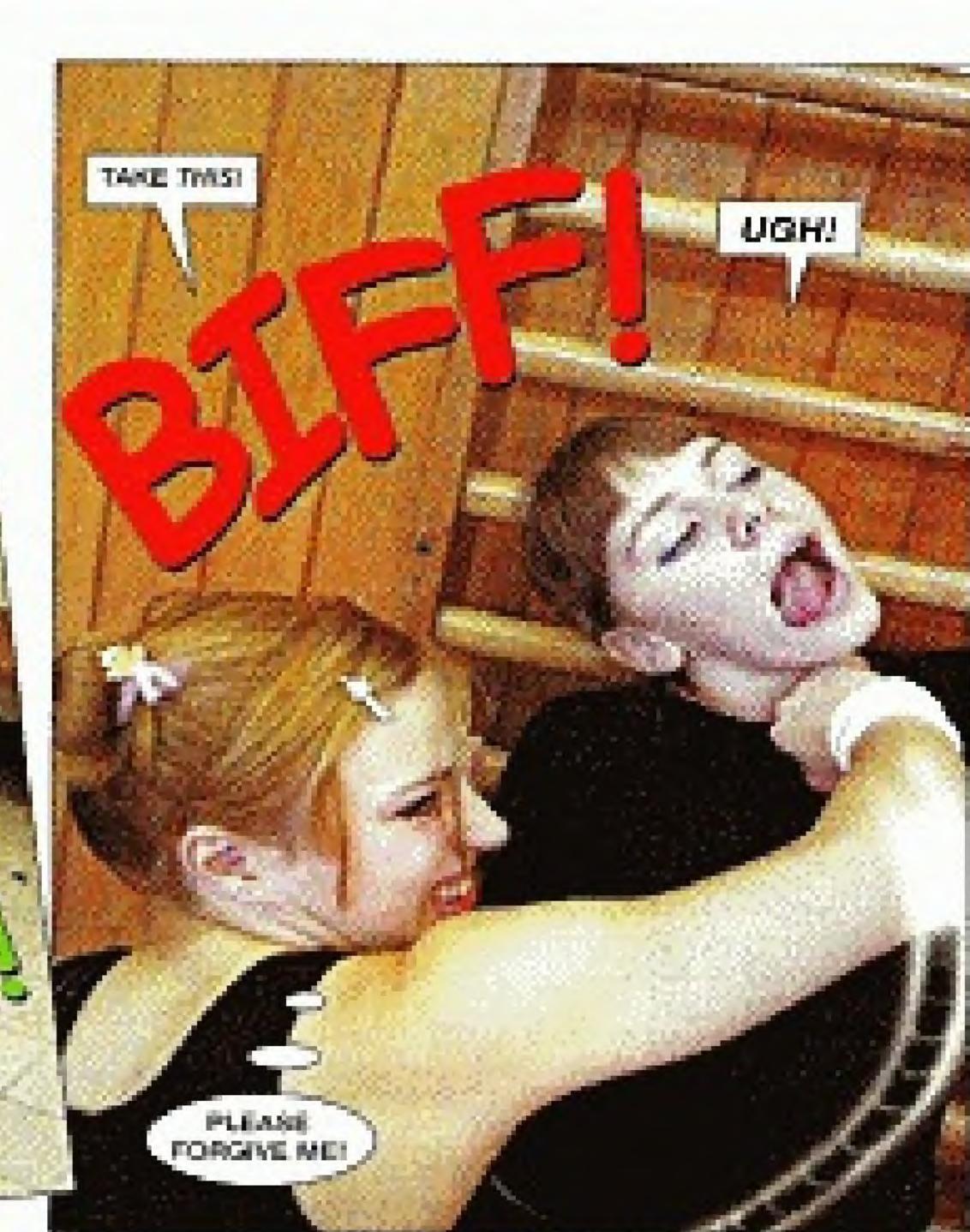
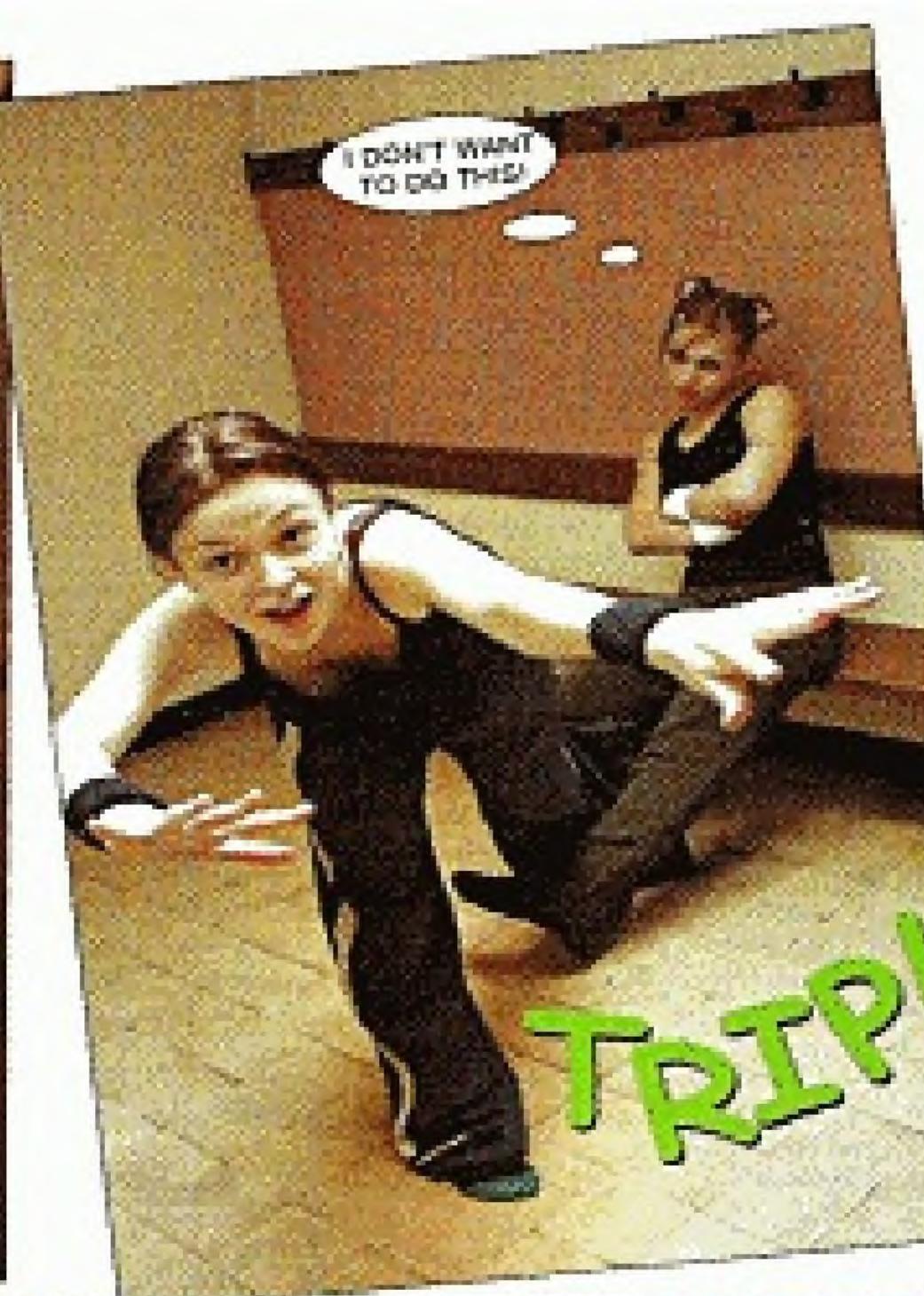
She was moved to a slightly larger lock-up garage in Leeds, where she spent a further twelve years, before being chained up and left on a piece of waste ground near Wakefield, where she was found dead earlier this month, after youths had repeatedly driven a stolen Landrover into her legs and pelted her with bricks and bottles.

In a sombre funeral ceremony, cheering crowds paid up to £5 each to watch as Lucy was winched on a crane to a height of over 250 feet before being dropped to the ground.

Young Bunty Twinkle was the most popular girl in the Alpine Ballet Boarding School, where she was the head ballerina. Imogen Tibbs and Bibi Bartlet were her closest pals.



Throughout the day Bunty forced herself with a heavy heart to behave rudely towards her friends...



*The end*

# Cacko Jacko

THAT ACTOR who plays Jacko out of Brush Strokes was celebrating with friends last night after being presented with the 1999 BAFTA award for lifetime non-achievement.

The award is given in recognition of unremarkable contributions to showbusiness, and past winners have included such theatrical pot-boilers as the thin bloke who worked at the paint company with Terry Scott in Terry and June, and him out of On the Move. Not Bob Hoskins, the other one.

## winner

Last year's winner, the woman with the big nostrils who looks a bit like Lynda Bellingham, but isn't, presented Jacko out of Brush Strokes with the award at a Gala Dinner at London's swanky Grosvenor House Hotel.

## SHOWBIZ EXCLUSIVE

Last night, the actor recalled some highlights of his sparkle-free 21-year career in film and television.

### douglas

"I was definitely in the last series of *Get Some In* and someone once saw me opening a bowling alley in Scotland. I often played a general purpose villain in *The Sweeney*, *Minder* or *The Professionals*, that sort of thing," he told us.

### angelo

"I look quite like Terry, the chef out of *Fawlty Towers*, but I don't think

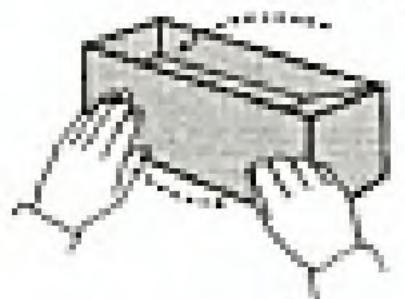


*That actor - no great shakes*

that was me. I think my name is Kevin or Keith or something like that. My wife just calls me Jacko out of Brush Strokes or sometimes him out of the Flash adverts."

## RELIVE THE GOLDEN DAYS OF FOOTBALL HOOLIGANISM JOIN TONY HART'S ORIGAMI ARMY!

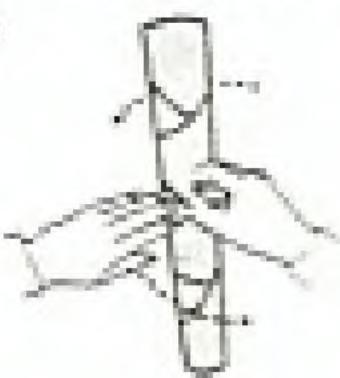
With the football season now in full swing, and security at grounds tighter than ever, trouble has never been harder to start. BUT TAKE HART! Buy my new book, 'The Art of Folded Paper Thuggery', and you'll be putting yourself about in no time with nothing more conspicuous than your daily paper! In seconds you'll master...



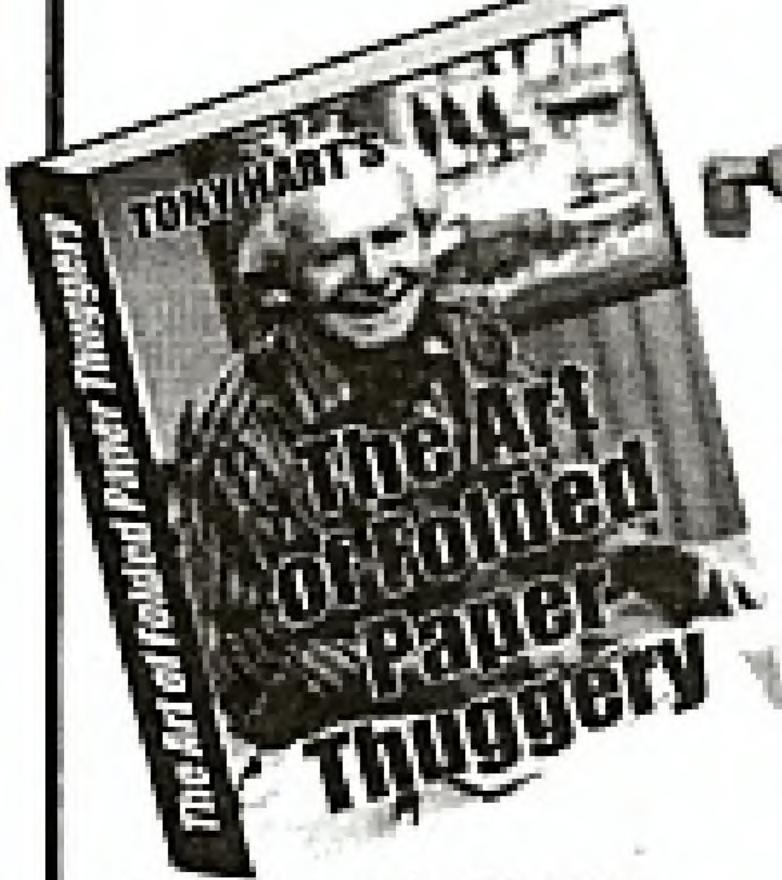
THE  
MILLWALL BRICK



THE  
CHELSEA HAMMER



THE  
POMPEY COSH



Available from all  
shops everywhere!

*Morph says:*

**"IT'S THE IDEAL XMAS PRESENT!"**

Recommended for the  
Rucker Prize 1999

## Socks & Hankies



*There's no better way of saying...*

*"Oh, fuck it! It's twenty past five on Christmas Eve and my feet are killing me."*

Socks & Hankies — the perfect default present

The Socks & Hankies Information Council

*This Christmas...*

## Say it with Puppies!



The British Association of Intensive Puppy Farmers

Ladies ~ This Christmas give your hubby exactly what he wants...



An ENORMOUS TIT full of BEER!

John Smith's Bitter Ltd, Brasserie House, Manchester

HAPPY  
NEW  
YEAR

FROM

# THE FAT SLAGS

NEW YEARS EVE...

**SCOFF!**  
**SCOFF!**  
**SCOFF!**

WHAT'S UP  
WI' YOU, SAN?

Y'DAFT THAT. IT'S NOT  
CHIPS! IT'S MICROCHIPS  
THEY'RE TALKIN' ABOUT...

ANYWAY, WE'VE GOT OTHER THINGS  
ON US PLATE TONIGHT. IT'S THE  
LAST DAY OF THE MINNELLUM!

WELL, IT'S NOT LIKE JUST ANY NEW  
YEARS EVE, SAN. IT'S THE END OF ONE  
MINNELLUM... THE START OF THE NEXT



I'VE JUST SEEN IT ON THE TELLY...  
IT'S TERRIBLE! ALL THE CHIPS ARE  
GOING TO FAIL AT MIDNIGHT. I'M  
GETTIN' ME FILL WHILE I CAN.)



Y'KNOW... THE FROZEN  
ONES IN A BOXY' JUST  
STICK IN THE MICROWAVE



SO WHAT?



AN I WANT T' TELL ME GRANDKIDS THAT  
I MARKED THE 2000<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY OF  
THE BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD  
IN A SPECIAL AND MEMORABLE WAY.

...WI' BAZ'S COCK UP ME SNATCH

AYE, ME  
AN' ALL

KNOCK!  
KNOCK!

ERE WE ARE, TRAY. PARTY TIME  
AN' WE'VE BROUNG THE BOOZE.

...HAPPY NEW  
YEAR!



LEAVE THE BOOZE  
IN THE KITCHEN. IT'S TRADITION  
Y'NOT TOUCHIN' IT TILL AFTER  
MIDNIGHT.

OW COMEZ  
IT'S TRADITION  
Y'NOT TOUCHIN' IT TILL AFTER  
MIDNIGHT.

EVERY NEW  
YEARS EVE

IT'S TRADITION F' YOU T' GET THE  
DROOP AN' ALL. THIS YEAR, WE WANT  
T' BE CARRIED ACROSS THE THRESHOLD  
OF THE MINNELLUM ON YER CHOPPERS.



C'MON, GIRLS, FAIRS FAIR! WE CAN'T  
SHAG Y' WITHOUT A BIT OF DRINK IN  
US. WE'VE GOT TO 'AVE SOME BEER  
BOGGLES ON!



AYE! Y' MUST  
ADMIT, YER NO OIL PAINTINGS,

Y'CHEEKY CUNTS... YOU CAN 'AVE A  
DRINK AFTUR Y'VE POKED US AN' NOT  
BEFORE!... NOW SETTLE DOWN BOTH OF  
YER... ANGUS DEAYTON'S COMIN' ON.



2 MINUTES TO  
MIDNIGHT...

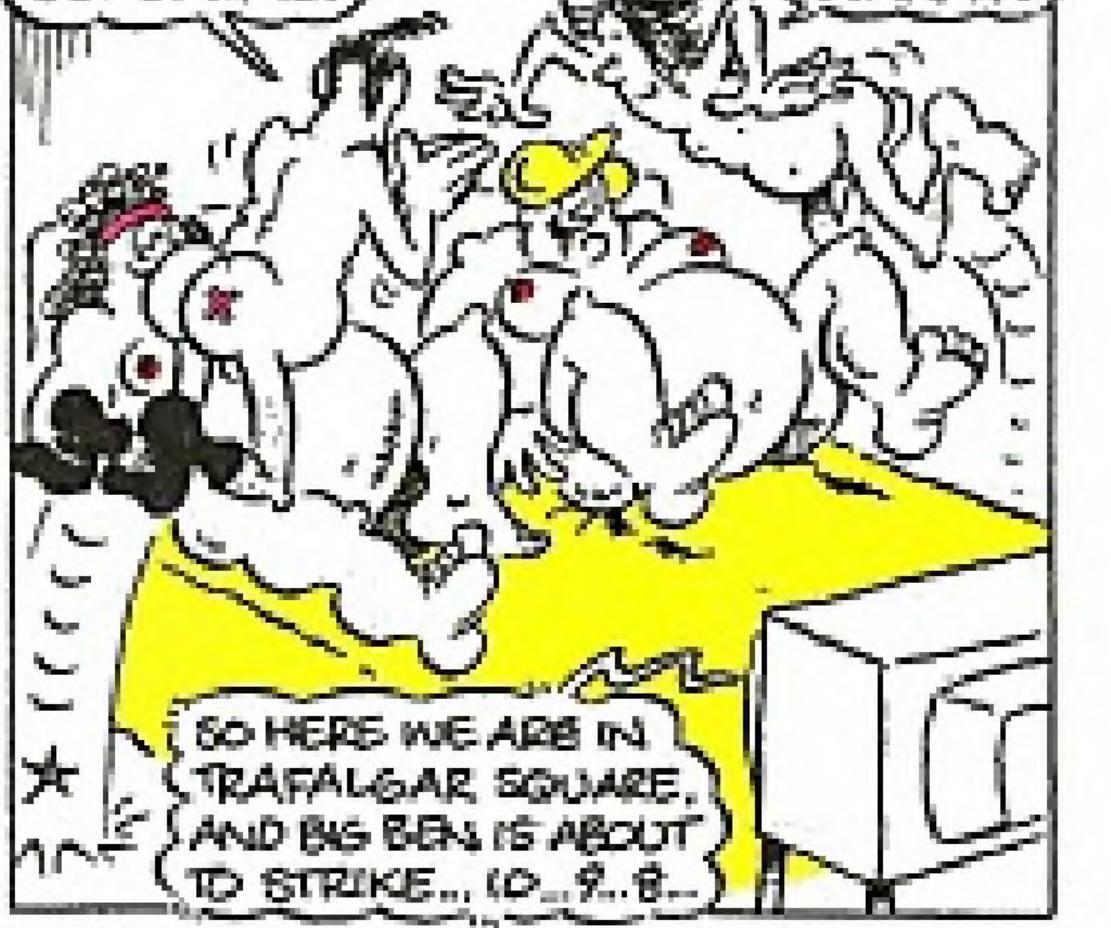
HEH! HEH!

COME ON, LADS. YOU'LL ANE T'  
START BONING Y'SELVES UP IF  
Y' GOIN' T' BE ON THE NEST  
AT MIDNIGHT)

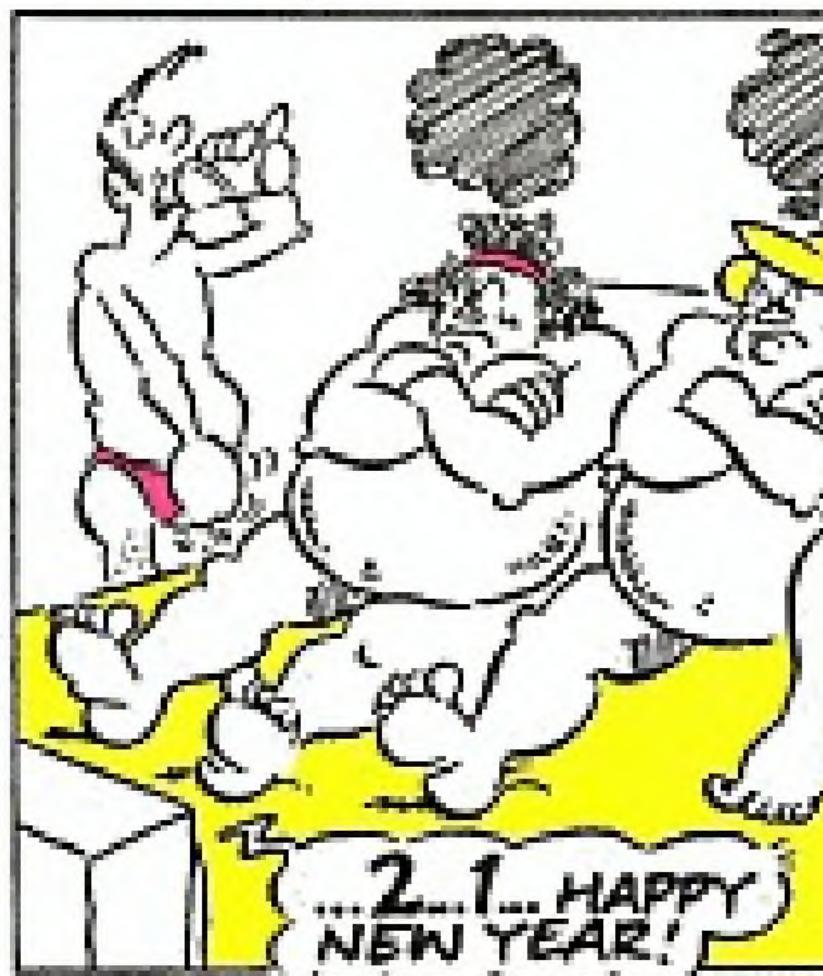
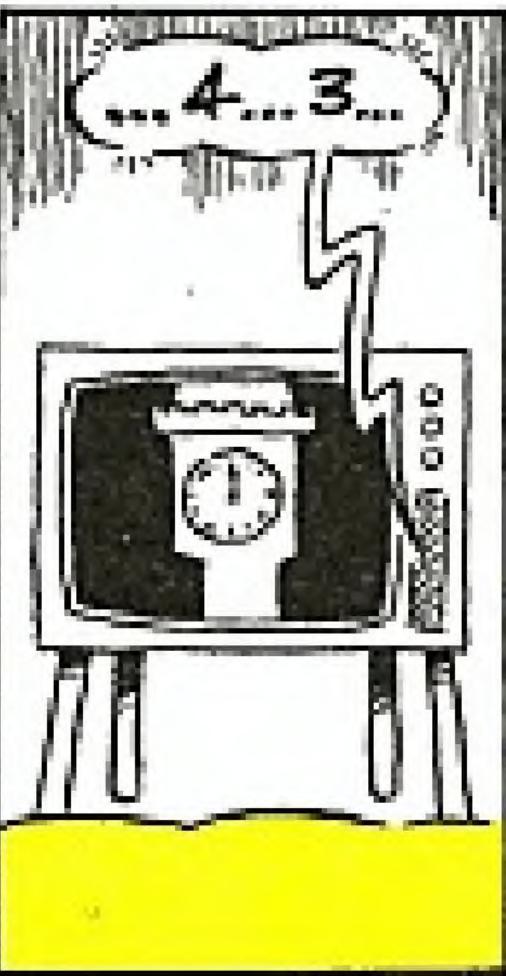
THANK CHRIST! I'M  
CHOKIN' FERRA DRINK

GERONIMO!

WAHAY!



SO HERS WE ARE IN  
TRAFAVGAR SQUARE.  
AND BIG BEN IS ABOUT  
TO STRIKE... (O... 9... 8...



TELL Y'WHAT, SAN  
NEXT MINNELLUM.  
WE'LL ONLY LET  
'EM UP WITH 5  
SECONDS T' DO.

AYE!

2...1... HAPPY  
NEW YEAR!

# ESTHER RANTZEN'S HEART of GOLD

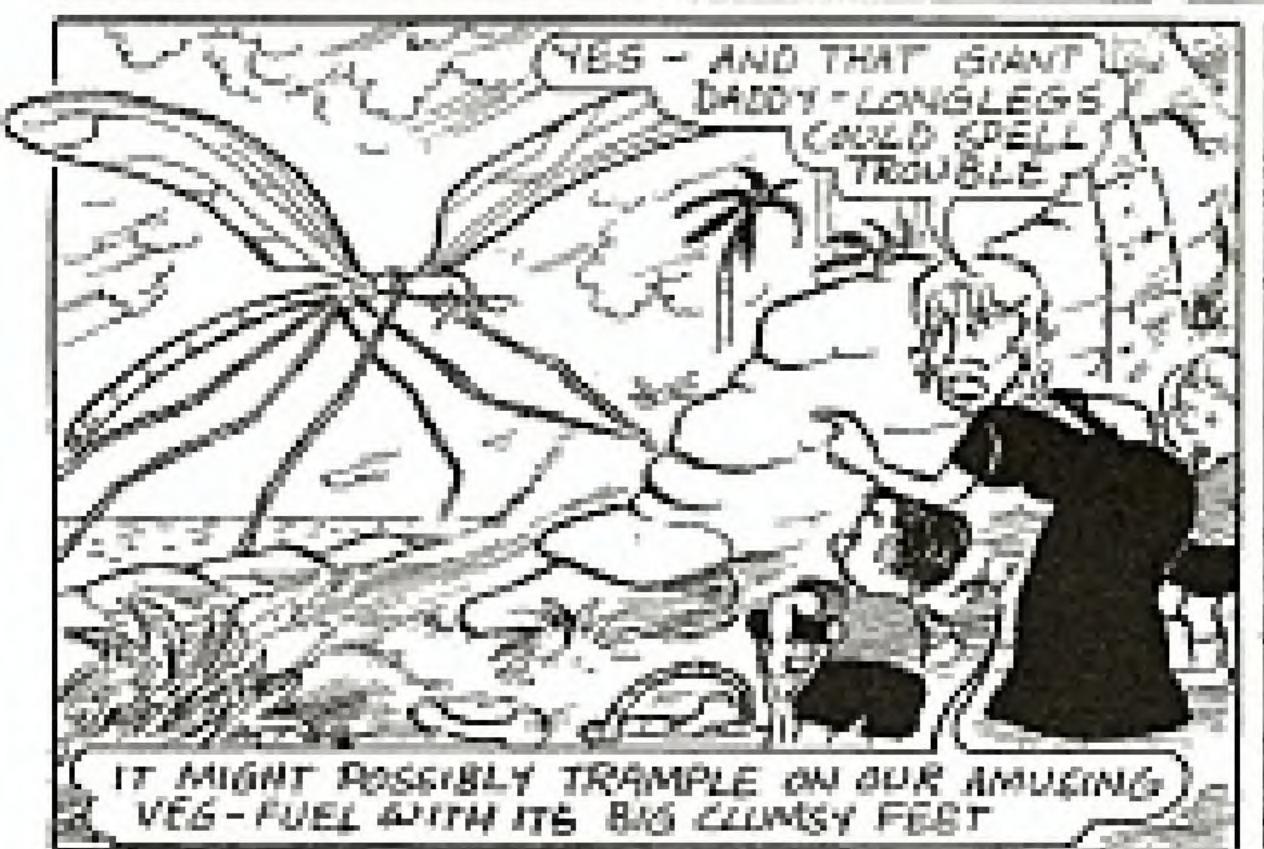
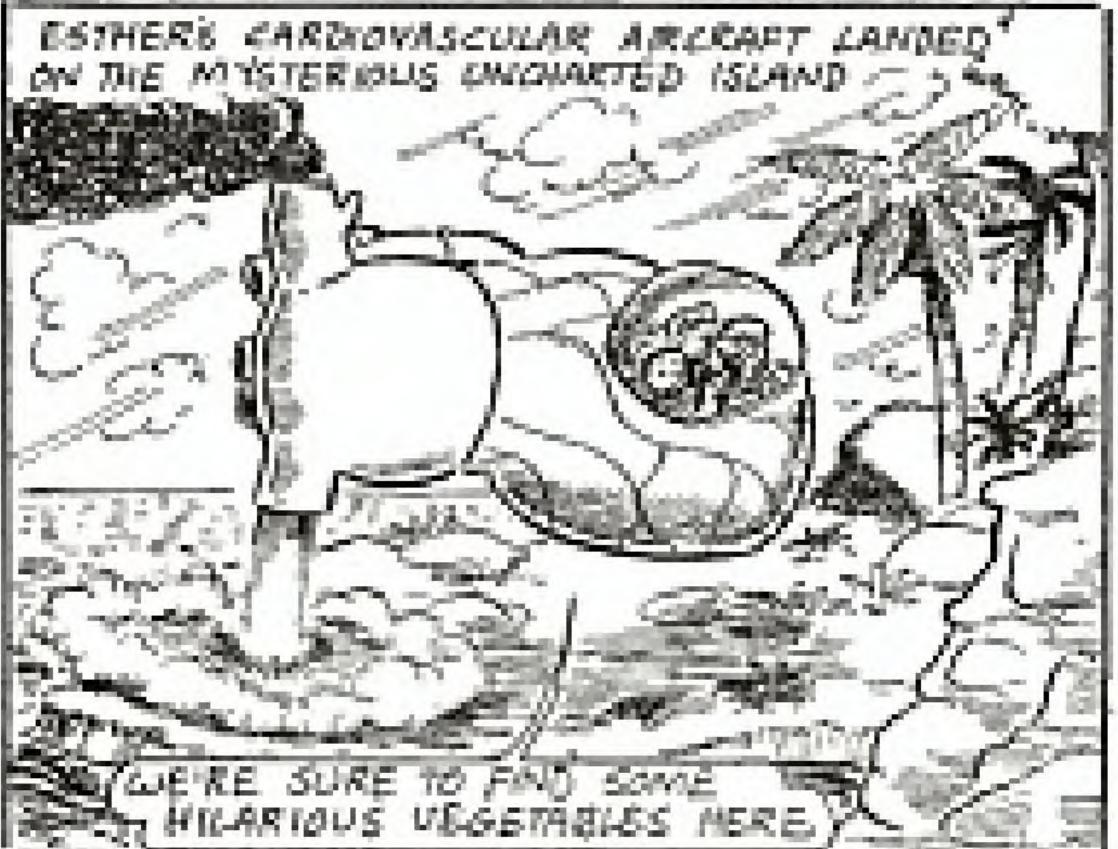
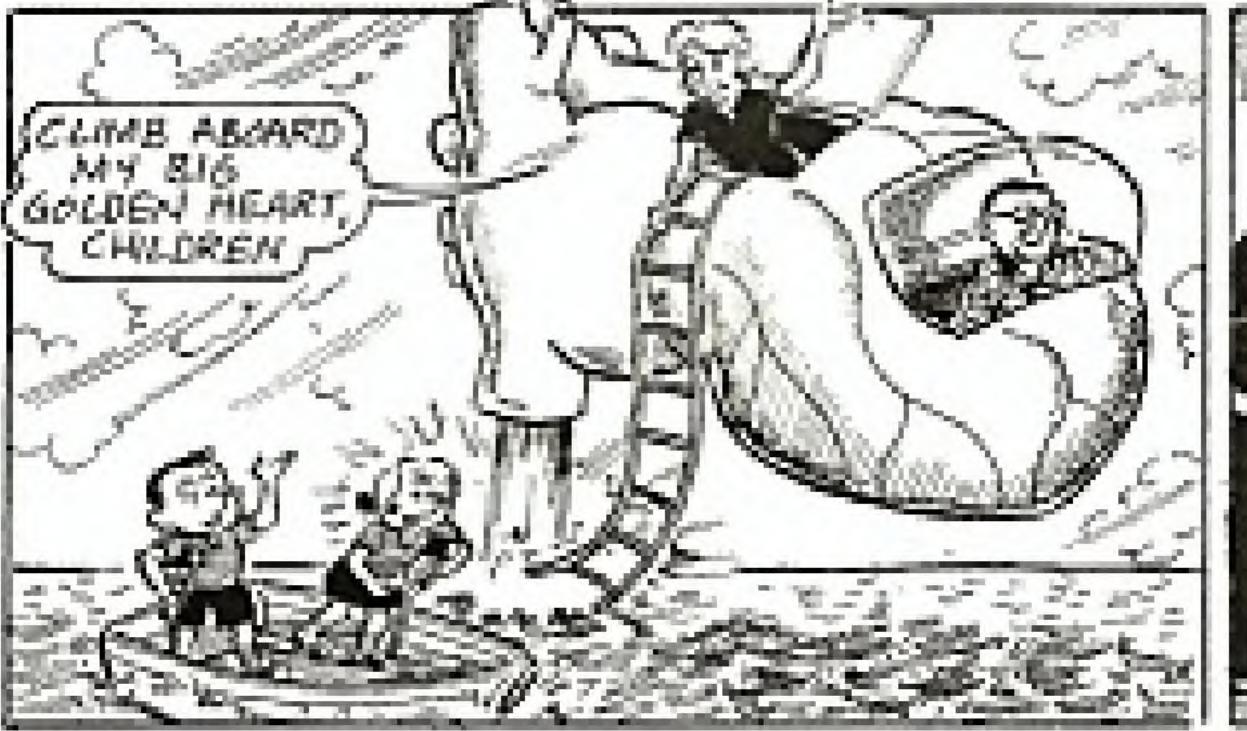
ROARING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN WAS THE MOST INCREDIBLE FLYING MACHINE YOU EVER SAW...

ACCOMPANYING ESTHER IN THE REMARKABLE FLYING HEART WAS HER CROSS-EYED CHUM CYRIL FLETCHER



BUILT BY TV PERSONALITY ESTHER RANTZEN, IT WAS A HUGE MECHANICAL TURBO-DRIVEN HEART, BEDECKED WITH GOLD-LEAF AND PRECIOUS VENETS

WE'D BETTER STOP AT THIS UNCHARTED ISLAND TO RE-FUEL THE SHIP





# www.double.d

**REPORTS** that an American woman is planning to open her blouse and reveal her bra on the Internet have led to calls for a tightening up of laws governing the worldwide web.

Mother of eight Draylene Shinz, 49, of Illinois expects over 30 million computer enthusiasts to log onto her home page [www.ladyinabra.com](http://www.ladyinabra.com) to see her in her brassiere on December 18th.

### **Popular**

Moral watchdogs fear that if her plan proves popular, it may spark off a trend for even harder material on the internet -including ladies exposing their nude bosoms or even knickers.

### Mid-west Mom expects massive Net interest

And home secretary Jack Straw has been swift to join in the debate.

"If left unchecked, I could envisage a situation where a young man who isn't even old enough to get married could buy a computer, and look at pictures of ladies in bras, whilst he slaps the back of his neck and steam comes out of his collar," he told us. "This must not be allowed to happen."

### **Escort**

Meanwhile Mrs Shinz, speaking from the stoop



Shinz - exposure on Internet of her mobile home in Trashville, Carbondale, was unrepentant. "It ain't no big thing," she told reporters. "Going on the internet in my bra is the most natural thing in the world. I'm just going like, 'here's my brassiere', that's all. I'm only going to show it for a couple of seconds, anyhow."

### **Fiesta**

And she had harsh words for the people who have complained about her plan.

"They're only sore because their woman ain't showing them no bra at home, and that's for sure. Uh-huuuh."



## **WORRIED ABOUT THE Y2K BUG?**

*Don't delay... call Millennium Doug today!*

All mechanical devices made Year 2000 ready

### **★TELLYS★**



### **★GRAMOPHONES★**

### **★JUMBO JETS★**



### **★MEDICAL EQUIPMENT★**

**NO JOB TOO BIG OR TOO SMALL!**

**CALL THE  
HOTLINE NOW!  
BANBURY 8527**

(Ask for Doug)

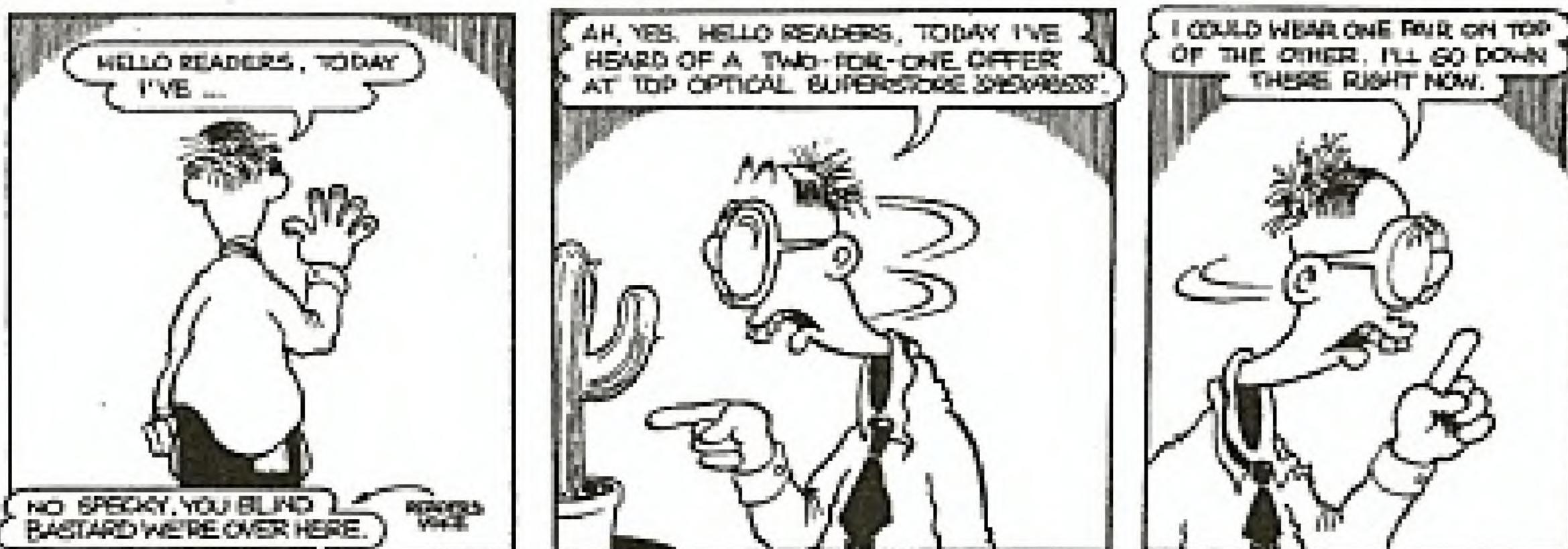


All work is guaranteed  
by ABWAT



A black and white cartoon illustration. In the center, a man with a mustache and a bow tie is holding a magnifying glass over a large, bold word 'SICK'. The letters are stylized with thick black outlines and white highlights. The man's expression is one of intense focus or discovery. The background is plain white.

**LOW QUALITY  
DESTRUCTIVE  
DISHONEST  
HUMOUR  
CARTOON**

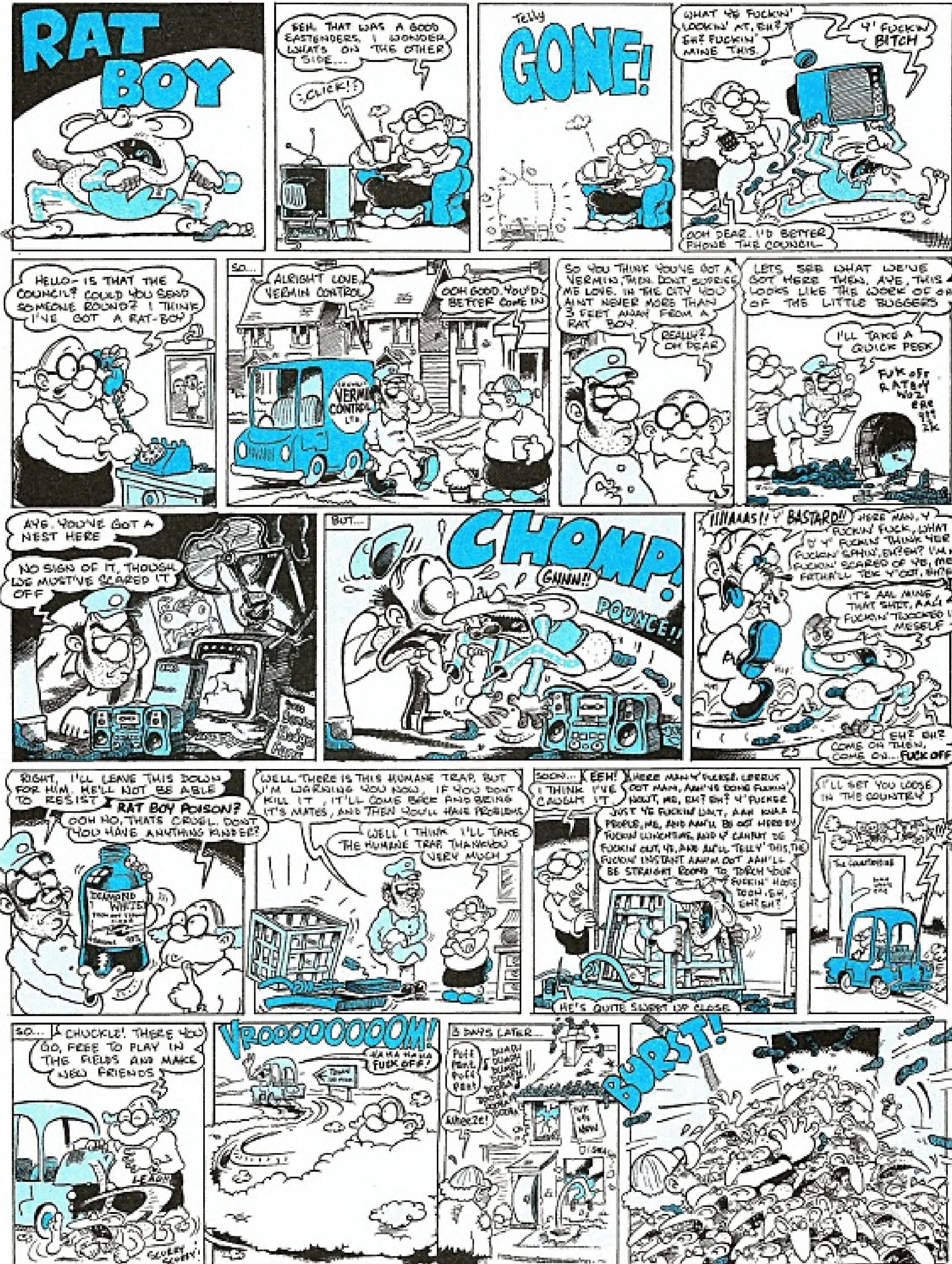


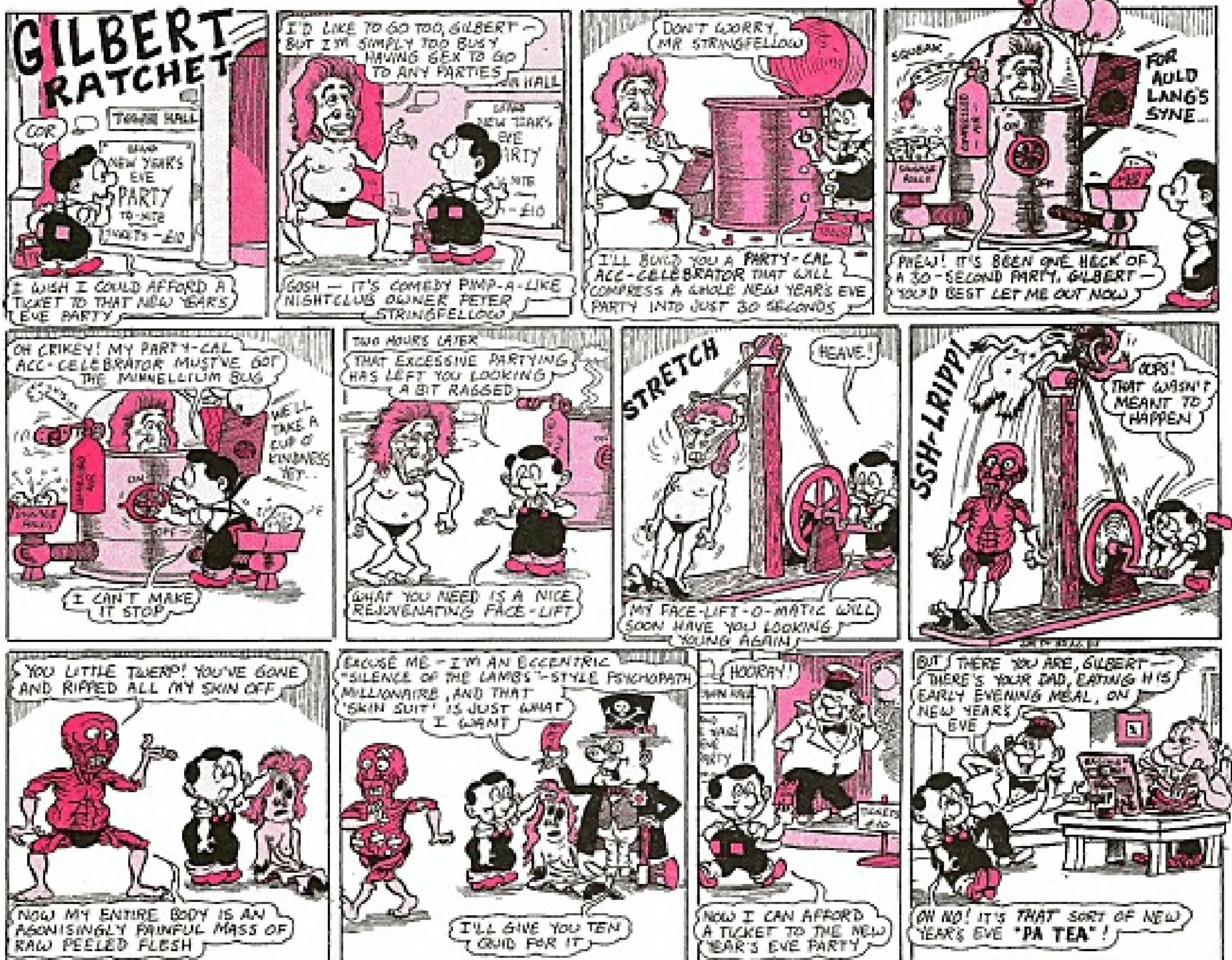
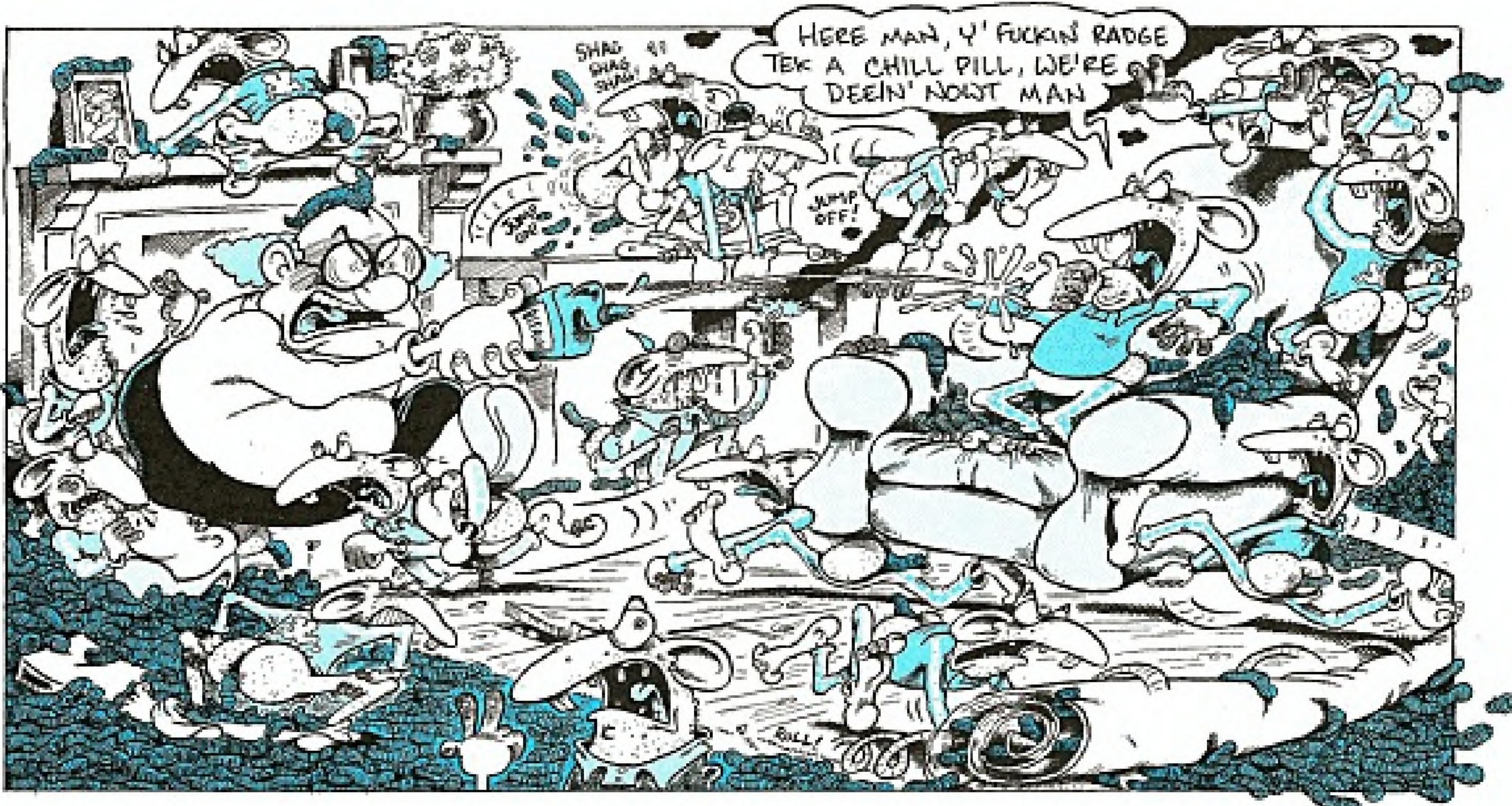
# Sujpal SYP

**HE'S  
ALWAYS  
TRYING To  
PoP HIS  
CORK!**



# RAT BOY





# JOHNNY FARTPANTS

THERE'S ALWAYS A LOUD BANG IN HIS UNDERCRACKERS...  
...AND A PAPER HAT

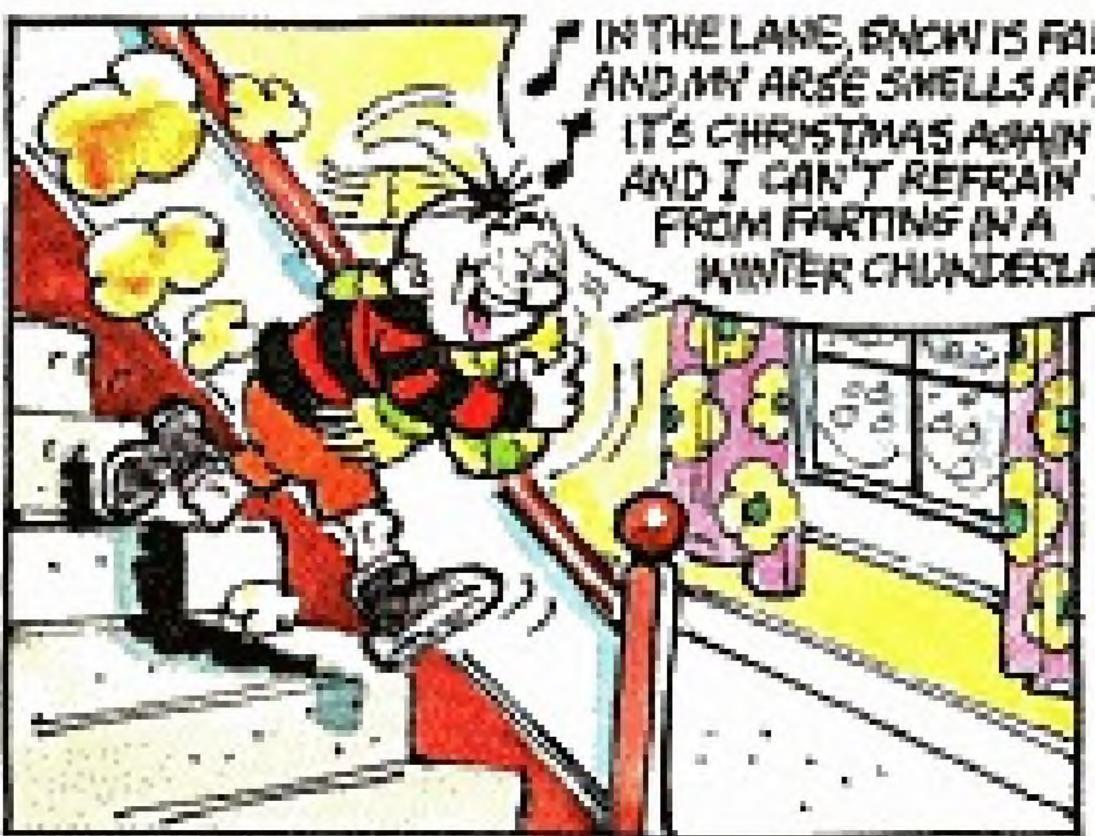
CHRISTMAS MORNING...



IN THE LANS, SNOW IS FALLING,  
AND MY ARSE SMELLS APPALING,  
IT'S CHRISTMAS AGAIN,  
AND I CAN'T REFRAIN  
FROM FARTING IN A WINTER CHUNDERLAND

ON MY PLATE IS A PLUM-DUFF,  
THAT WILL BREW UP A BUM-GUFF...

WITH TWISLETS AND NUTS,  
ROTTING MY GUTS,  
I'M FARTING IN A WINTER CHUNDERLAND

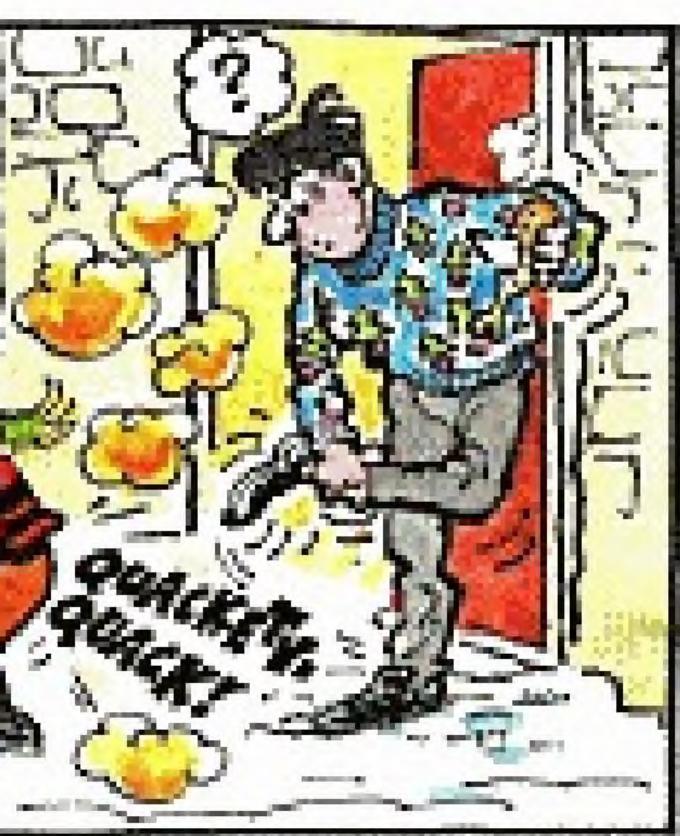


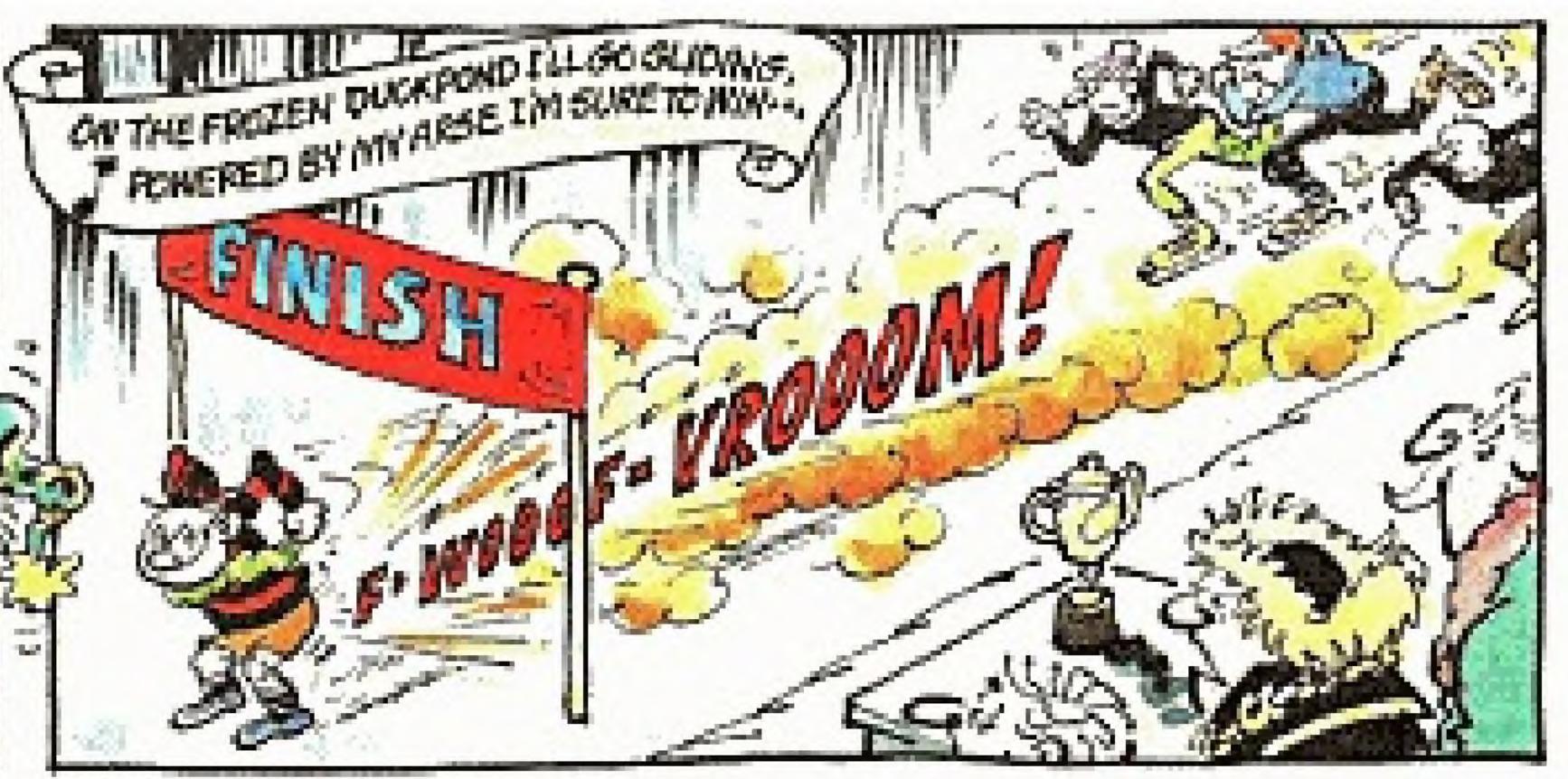
THE FAMILY WATCH THE BOND FILM ON THE TELLY,  
GATHERED ALL AROUND THE YULETIDE LOG...

SUDDENLY THE AIR IS RATHER SMELLY,  
LUCKILY THEY THINK IT IS THE DOG!



I'LL GO OUT, CAROL-SINGING,  
THOUGH MY ARSE WILL BE MINGLING.  
THEY'LL GET QUITE AFRIGHT,  
WHEN I PUMP 'SILENT NIGHT'  
FARTING IN A WINTER CHUNDERLAND







## HOW IT WORKS

# The Stock EX

To many of us, the workings of the stock exchange are a complete mystery. It may look like a bunch of men waving bits of paper and shouting. But in fact they are keeping the wheels of Britain's most important machines, it's really very simple to understand once you know what the key characters do.

1. This man is a Trader. He holds up and waves small pieces of paper and shouts numbers to his colleague. If he shouts the wrong numbers or if his colleague mishears him, millions of pounds could be wiped off share values across the world.

2. The Electronic Display is the nerve centre of the whole stock exchange. From the minute the exchange opens to the ceasing of trading in the evening, very important numbers to many, many decimal places scroll across its screen, far too fast for anyone to read. It is the task of the underwriter to point excitedly at some of these numbers, and scream selected ones into a phone.

2

5. This is a Bull. He has just spent four billion pounds that he doesn't have, and that doesn't exist, buying something which also doesn't exist, from a man who doesn't own it. The deal done, the imaginary thing is immediately sold back to the Bull, who uses the original nonexistent money to pay for it. Thanks to the magic of the Stock Exchange, both men have just made a million pounds.

6. This is a Stag. He buys things that don't exist, but using money that does, but which he doesn't own. He then sells them on to himself, and the money therefore becomes his.

7. This is a Bear. This is a huge carnivorous mammal of the genus Ursus. It has escaped from the zoo.

8. The Broker is a very shrewd man, for it is his job to go round in the face than anyone else on the Stock Exchange. Not only that, but he constantly waves bits of paper and attempt to jostle the crowd in front of a crowd of screaming Jobbers gathered around somebody on a small platform called the Jobbers' Stand.

10. It is the job of the Speculator to shout some numbers into one of four telephones he is holding. At the same time, his colleague is scribbling things onto little bits of paper and giving them to other members of the stock exchange. They are handed from one to another before finally being thrown on the floor.

10

9



55 9056 9056 9056  
 55 9055 9055 9055  
 55 9055 9055 9055  
 33 9041 9041 9041  
 34 9041 9041 9041

# KOchange

A 9056 9056 9056 9056  
 B 9055 9055 9055 9055  
 C 9041 9041 9041 9041  
 D 9041 9041 9041 9041

Look as though the floor is full of men just  
 in's economic machine turning. And like  
 components are and what they do...

condi-  
 ampara-  
 enwriter  
 green. He  
 whether  
 A wrong  
 ends.

killed  
 edder  
 else  
 floor.  
 must  
 paper  
 o the  
 eming  
 round  
 platform

9051 9051 9051 9051 9051 9051  
 4. This man is not an actual trader, but has simply  
 entered the Stock Exchange looking for his son, who  
 has forgotten his sandwiches. He sees him across the  
 floor and, attempts to attract his attention by waving  
 and shouting. In doing so, he inadvertently makes  
 himself a million pounds, and causes 200 brokers in  
 Tokyo to jump to their deaths from a skyscraper.



# Practical Serial Killer

Incorporating MODERN CANNIBAL

December 1999 £1.75

Celebrity Interview

## SPLEEN CUISINE

*Cooking up a Three Corpse Dinner-*

Our 'Head' chef's favourite recipes

## Jeffrey Dahmer

*"A Fridge full of Heads of my Own"*

RESULTS OF OUR BIGGEST SURVEY EVER!

You don't *have* to be a long distance lorry driver

*...but it helps!*

FREE SKIN SUIT PATTERN

Part 2 -those  
tricky Sleeves

PLUS

Keeping yourself to yourself-  
We show you how!

KILLING TIME!

10 hobbies to explain away those whiffy drains

FREE CD "Voices in my Head"  
Start collecting the coupons this week!

In your newsagents now.

# WINNING FORMULA

THE WORLD OF FORMULA 1 was rocked to its foundations last night after allegations that the Ferrari team CHEATED in order to secure this year's constructors' title. The Italian team faced disqualification from the Malaysian Grand Prix after pieces of wood on the side of its cars breached stringent technical specifications, but the latest allegations, if proved correct, could mean that far more serious rule-breaking has been commonplace throughout the season.

According to Ferrari insider Ray Savage, team drivers Michael Schumacher and Eddie Irvine have regularly employed underhand tactics, including:

- Setting up fake diversions
- Spreading quick-drying glue on the track.
- Running into back markers, and cutting them down the middle with an enormous circular saw, which comes out of the Ferrari nose cone.

## witnessed

ONE shocking instance of cheating, which Savage claims to have witnessed, happened at this year's British Grand Prix: "Irvine was trying to overtake Hakkinen, but the flying Finn was not letting him past.

"Suddenly, when no-one was looking, Irvine must have pressed a secret button on his steering wheel. The car rose up on ten foot long extending legs and drove right over the top of the McLaren. It was a disgrace."

## judged

Loyalty to his own team prevented Savage telling race marshals what he had seen, but after another incident later in the same race, Ray felt that he could hold his tongue no longer. "Schumacher rounded the first corner with a hefty lead over Coulthard. Then, quick as a flash, he pulled up, jumped out of his car and painted a false tunnel onto the side of a wall, and a length of false road leading up to it.

## Juried

"Then he put up a shortcut sign, pointing at the 'tunnel' and waited behind a bush. Coulthard and the rest of the pack were heading round the corner by now, and when they saw the shortcut, they naturally went straight for it. However, to Schumacher's amazement, they simply drove into the tunnel as if it was real, leaving the German in last place.

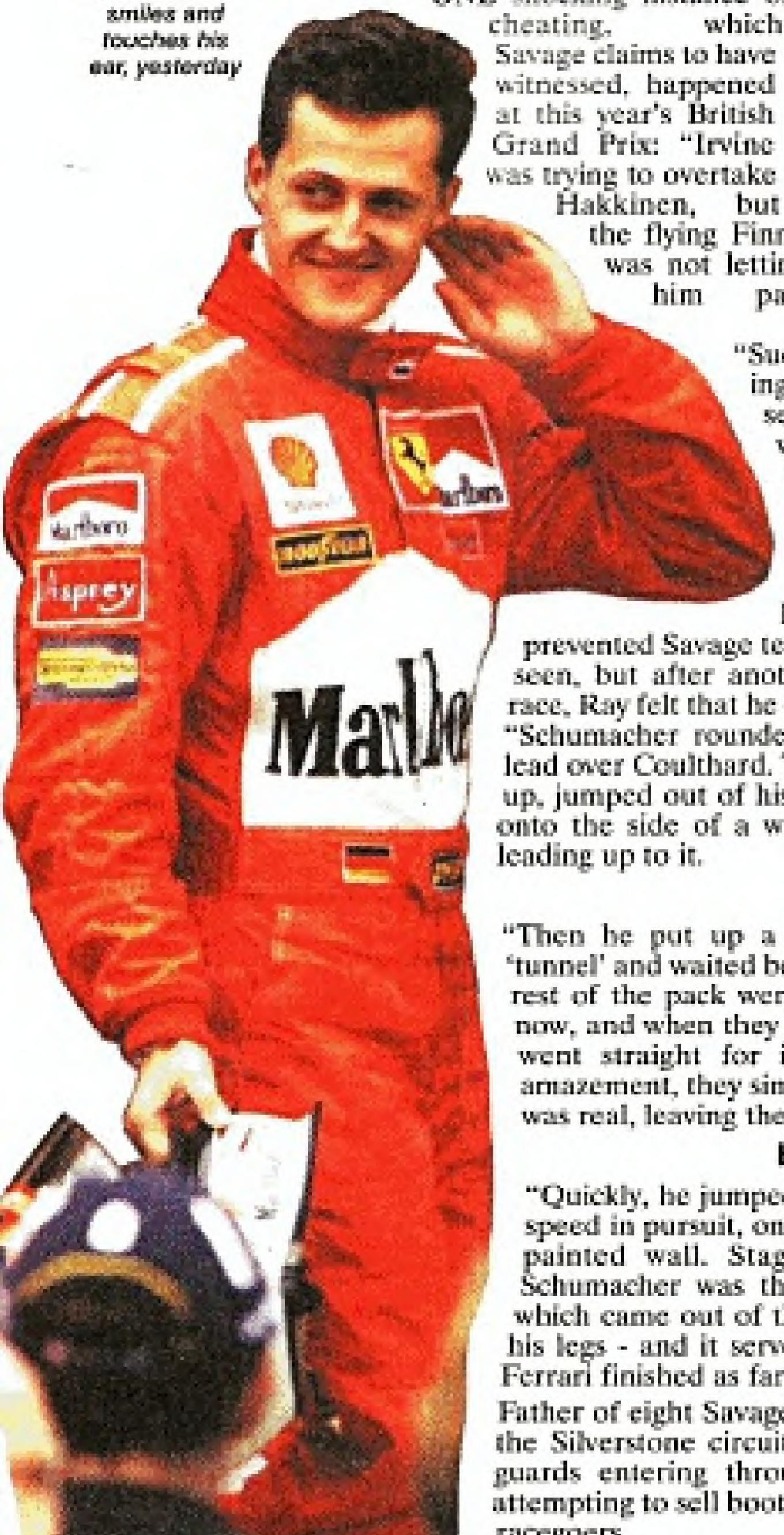
## barristered

"Quickly, he jumped into his car, and set off at full speed in pursuit, only to crash immediately into the painted wall. Staggering out of the wreckage, Schumacher was then run over by a steam-roller which came out of the tunnel. That's how he broke his legs - and it served him right. That was me and Ferrari finished as far as I was concerned."

Father of eight Savage was later forcibly ejected from the Silverstone circuit, after being seen by security guards entering through a hole in the fence, and attempting to sell bootleg Michael Schumacher hats to racegoers.

## SHOCKING SPORTS EXCLUSIVE!

Michael Schumacher smiles and touches his ear, yesterday



**It's the pits as**  
**Ferrari race aces**  
**bend the rules**



A big red car going very fast - yesterday

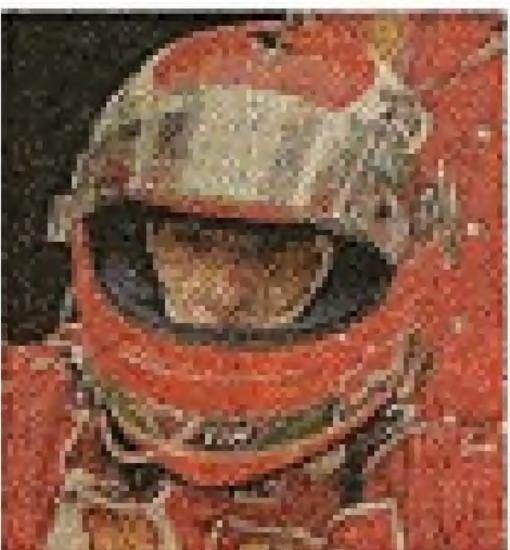
## IRVINE 'MADE LOVE LIKE A RABBIT' - Model

A FORMER model who once got banged off of Formula 1 race ace Eddie Irvine, claimed last night that he 'made love like a rabbit.'

"It was amazing," said 49-year-old Bridie McO'Dougle, from Belfast. "We met in a hotel bar, and he took me back to his room. He made love to me 150 times that night. He was insatiable. He would hop about on the floor, sniffing at a load of sawdust.

## burst

"Then he'd jump onto my back for a frantic five-second burst of love-making, before hopping off to nibble



Irvine at home yesterday

at some vegetable peelings in the corner of the room. It was the most incredible sex I've ever experienced."

## grumbling

McO'Dougle is presently undergoing DNA tests in an attempt to prove that the 28-year-old racing driver is the father of the twelve, hairless blind babies to which she gave birth three weeks after their night of passion.

MANUFACTURED BOY BAND SENSATION

# BOYZ

# BOYZ

# BOYZ

THE BAND THAT'S TOPPED THE T.P.

HAVING BEEN SACKED FROM THEIR COMPANY, 'SMR', THE BAND HAS BEEN REDUCED TO PLAYING LOCAL RADIO ROADSHOWS IN SHOPPING CENTRES...

'I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU GIRL, I  
YOU MAKE MY SUN GO ROUND MY WORLD.'



BACKSTAGE... HI, I'M FROM 'SMR'. I CAUGHT THE END OF YOUR PERFORMANCE AS YOU WERE COMING OFF STAGE - VERY IMPRESSED. I'M THINKING OF SIGNING YOU UP!

BUT YOU SACKED US!

THAT WAS JUST A FORMALITY. LISTEN, AS THIS IS A BIG DECISION I'LL PUT IT TO MY MAN, WHO DEALS WITH THE MONEY.

AND... HELLO - A BOY BAND? YOU SAY? YES, YOU'RE IN LUCK...



RIGHT, ANDREO SAYS TO SIGN YOU UP STRAIGHT AWAY - YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY PERFECT - THE LINE UP HAS FANTASTIC CHEMISTRY AND WE CAN'T THINK OF A THING WE WANT TO CHANGE



UNFORTUNATELY THOUGH THE BAND'S TEP HEAVY, YOUR FRESH RELEASE SAYS YOU'RE AN ORIGINAL CUTTING EDGE GROUP, WHO ISN'T AFRAID TO TRY DIFFERENT THINGS, AND BANDS LIKE THAT SUPPLY DON'T HIRE YOUR MEMBERS. IT'S TOO CLUMSY AND DIFFICULT TO CHOREOGRAPH.



IT'S A VERY SMALL INVESTMENT WHILE WE'RE HERE, AND I KNOW IT'S PAINFUL, AND ONE OF THE HARDEST DECISIONS YOU'LL EVER MAKE, BUT ONE OF YOU IS GOING TO HAVE TO GO.

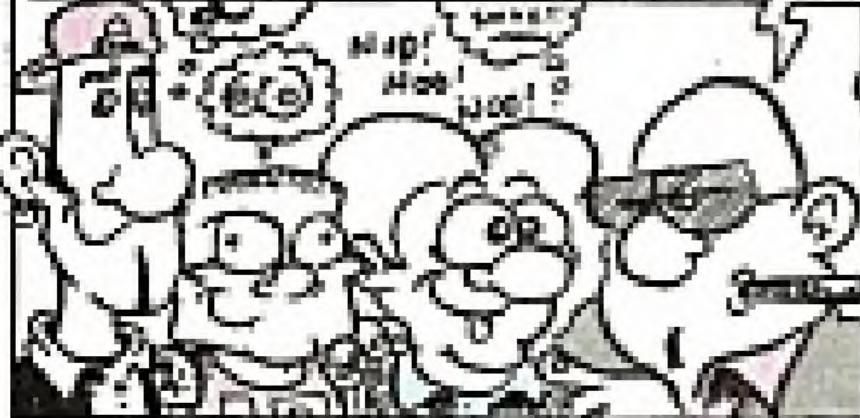


**BOOY!**



RIGHT, THERE'S ONE LESS MEMBER SO FROM NOW ON YOU'RE CALLED 'THEE & ALL'

ONE MORE SMALL DETAIL, AND I KNOW THIS IS A PAIN, BUT IT'S A TINY TECHNICAL CONTRACTUAL LEGAL MATTER REGARDING AGE - I SEE YOU'RE 17 3/4!



EIGHT - WELL HOWIE FAR TOO OLD; OVER THE HILL.



YOU LOOK TOO MATURE AND WE ALL FEEL YOU UPSET THE 'COSMETIC' OF THE BAND. NOW TAKE IT ON THE CHIN AND FUCK OFF.



UHM, NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE MORE THING - I CALL 'BALANCE' OF THE BAND. NOW GET A REPLACEMENT SONNY I'LL RING ANDREO, SEE IF THERE ARE ANY SPOTS IN STORAGE.



ANDREO! HI! LISTEN, YOU GOT ANY REPLACEMENT SONYS?

YOU CAN ORDER THEM FOR TUESDAY? THAT'S NO FUZZING US - COME ON, WHAT DO YOU SAY YOURSELF TODAY? SONNY TONIGHT? FULL SOME STRINGS, SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO.



EIGHT LADS, EXCELLENT NEWS - ANDREO'S SENDING US A SELECTION OF BOYZ, SAYS THE CHOICE IS YOURS AND WHATEVER WE DECIDE THEY'LL FIT INTO THE EXISTING BAND PERFECTLY...



I KNOW IT'S UPSETTING AND ONE OF THE MOST PAINFUL THINGS YOU'LL EVER HAVE TO DO, BUT LOOK AT THE WHOLE PICTURE: YOU'VE GOT NO CHOICE. IF YOU WANT THE BAND TO PURSUE YOUR DREAMS WITH HEAVYWEIGHT BACKING THE ONLY SOLUTION IS FOR YOU TO LEAVE QUIETLY OR YOU'LL RISK ENTERING INTERNATIONAL SUCCESS.



RIGHT, HOW CAN YOU NOT PICK ONE BEFORE I CALL SECURITY? THIS AREA'S FOR BAND MEMBERS ONLY.



YEAH ANDREO - I'VE GOT THE REPLACEMENTS HERE - THEY LOOK FUCKIN' GREAT!



RIGHT, ALL OF YOU, GROW YOUR FUCKIN' HAIR, NOW. YOU - YOU PLAY LEAD GUITAR - YOU - YOU'LL VOCALS + SONGS, AND YOU - YOU THROW YOURSELF OFF THE SEVERN BRIDGE. OH - AND THE BAND'S NOW CALLED 'SHREUB'.



ONE WEEK LATER...



YESSS!! WE'RE NUMBER ONE!! NEXT STOP - SUPERSTARDOM!

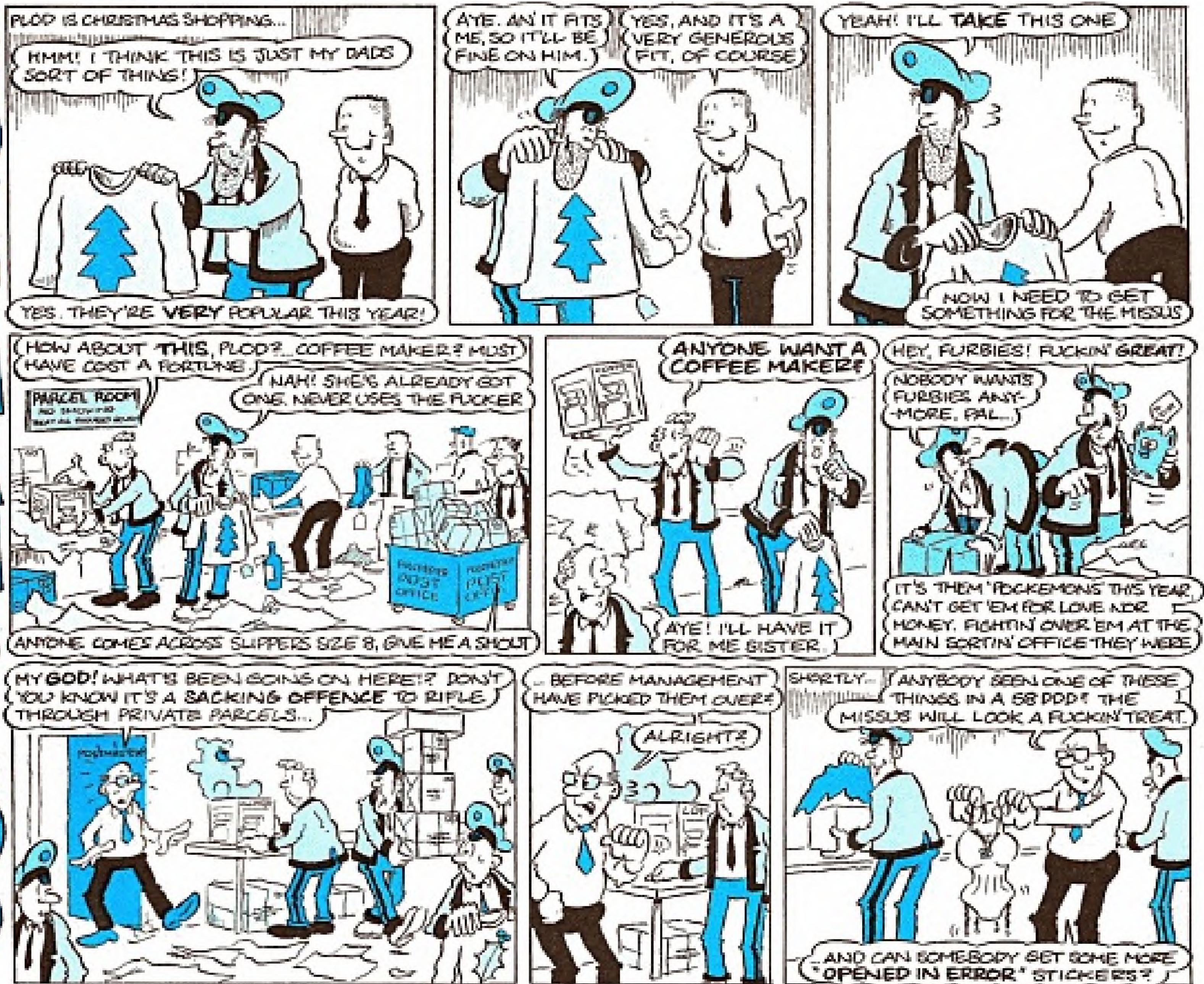


YOU WHAT? JESUS CHRIST! SMASH HITZ SAYS BOY BANDS ARE OUT!! THE KIDS LIKE INDIE!! LAST WHO PLAYS THESE OLD INSTRUMENTS, SING AND WRITE THEIR OWN SONGS? SHIT!!

SHIT!!

I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU GIRL...

# POSTMAN PLOD



## Bishop Fined

MAGISTRATES yesterday fined the Bishop of Merseyside £250 after he pleaded guilty to a charge of failing to clear up after a priest.

The court heard that the bishop allowed his priest to repeatedly foul the pavement outside the home of Mrs. Ethel Acetate, 82, of The Wirral. She told the court that when she remonstrated with the Bishop, he became abusive, telling her to "Wind her f\*\*\*ing neck in".

The court was shown video evidence, shot by Mrs. Acetate, which clearly showed the bishop encouraging the priest to defecate on the path before walking off. The Bishop admitted the charge and apologised to the court. The priest has since been destroyed.

## Shiner for ER Indoors!

KEEN eyed stampithologists may notice something unusual about this year's Christmas stamps. For on the second class stamp, the Queen's head is facing in the wrong direction! And that's because she's sporting a right royal shiner!

Huntley Palmer, the artist responsible for this year's designs, was quick to explain why he had been forced to make this break with tradition. "Her Majesty came in on the Tuesday to pose for the first class stamp," he said.

### carriage

She kept saying she had to get back to the Palace quickly. Prince Philip was going out carriage driving with his mates that evening, and she had to get his tea ready. But I couldn't get her nose right and it took ages," he added.

According to Palmer, the Queen left in a hurry.

### EXCLUSIVE!

When she returned the next day to do the second class stamp, she was wearing sunglasses.

"She took them off and I saw she had a livid purple bruise around her left eye.

"I was reluctant to draw her the other way round, but in the end I had no choice, as her eye had come up like a tennis ball."

### alarm

The Queen was reluctant to say what had happened at first, but eventually broke down, and told Palmer that The Duke of Edinburgh had 'pasted her one.'



"I was shocked. I asked why she didn't leave him. She said that it was her fault because his tea wasn't ready, and anyway, if she left, he would probably find her."

### grandfather

Ethyl Franklyn, a neighbour of the Queen's who lives just across the Mall said she heard raised voices coming from the palace on the Tuesday.

"I saw The Duke get home from his engagements at about 5.30," she told us.



The 1st class (above) and the 2nd class (above below) and the Queen (left) looking interminable again

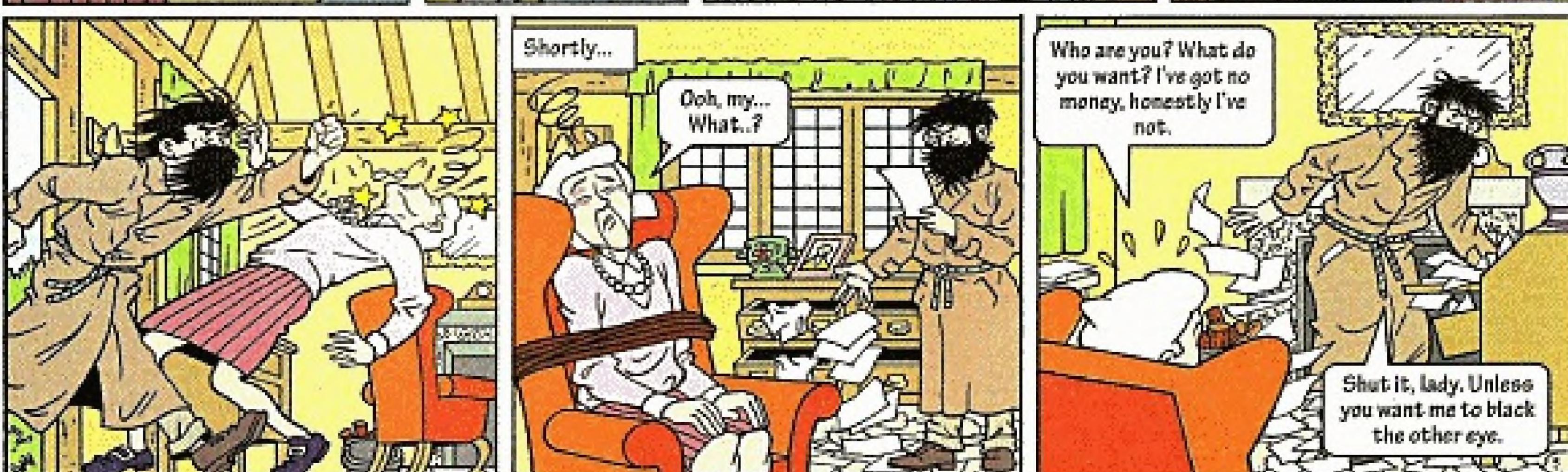
"He'd been in the palace about a minute when an almighty row broke out. It went quiet, then he came storming out with a face like thunder, got into a Coach and Four and drove off."

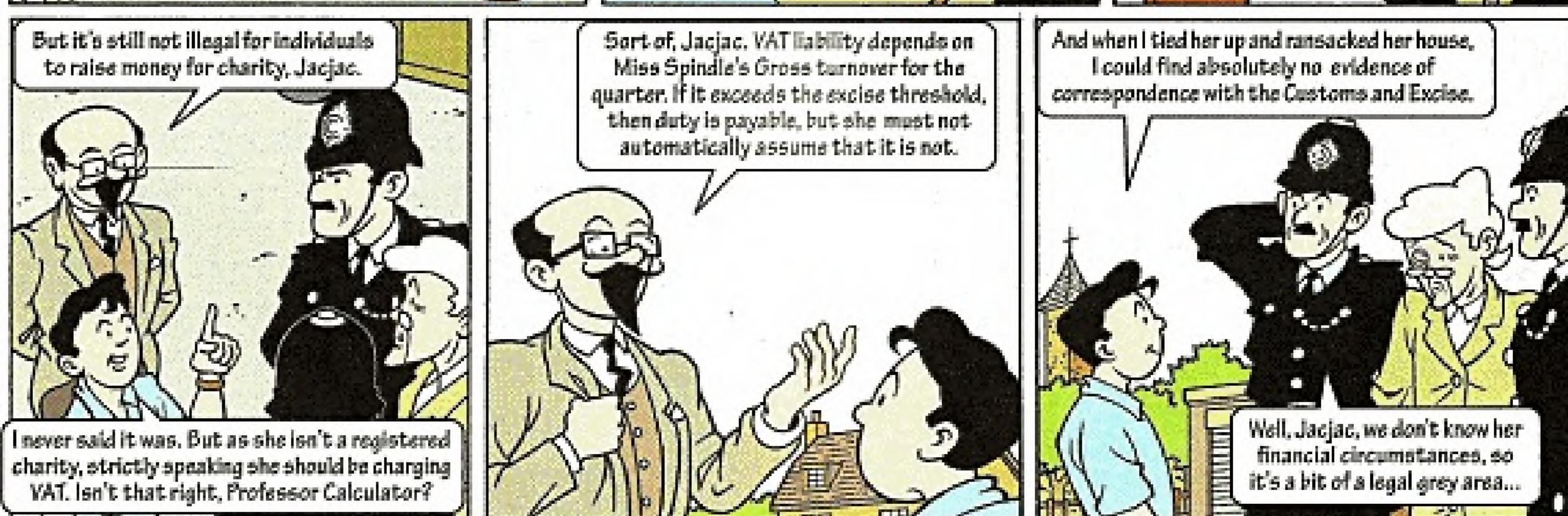
We called the Palace and asked if The Duke had clocked Her Majesty a fourpenny one up the bracket.

"She walked into a door, alright? It's all sorted now so leave it, eh?" said The Queen's Secretary, Sir Robert Fellowes.

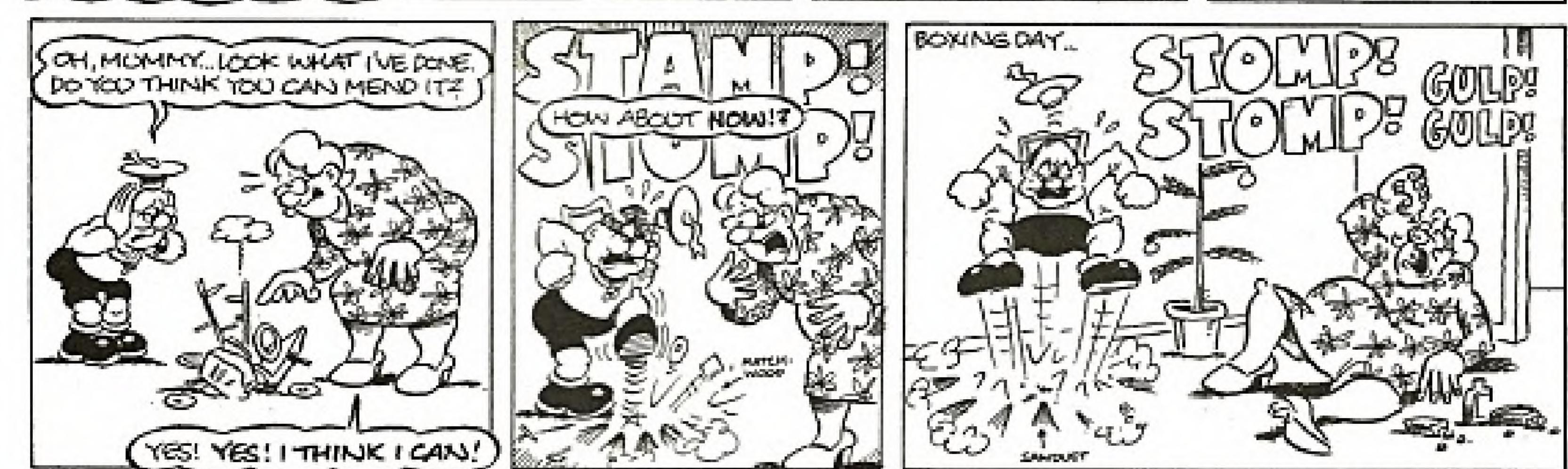
THURSDAY'S

# ADVENTURES of JACJAC





# SPOILT BASTARD

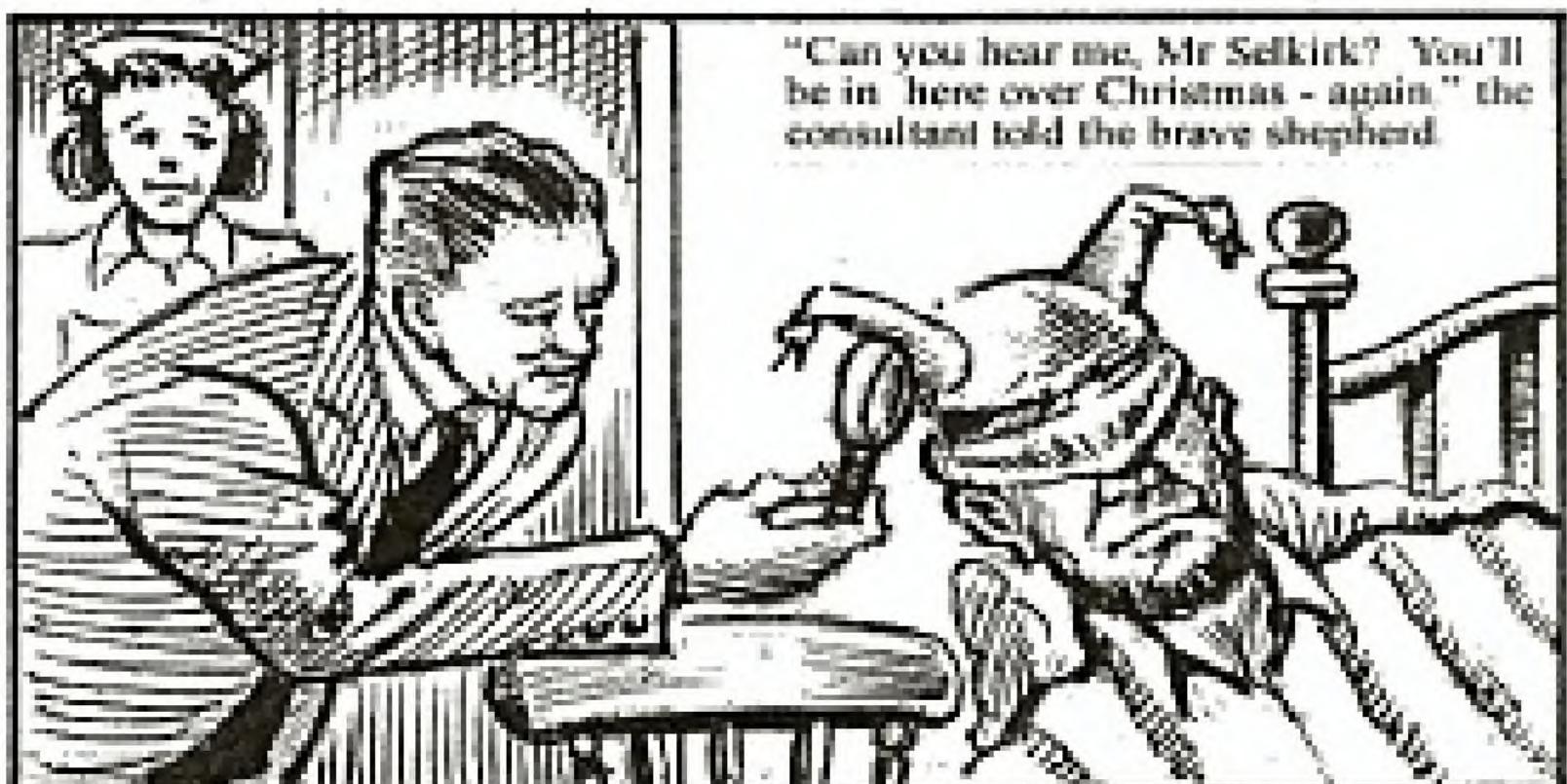
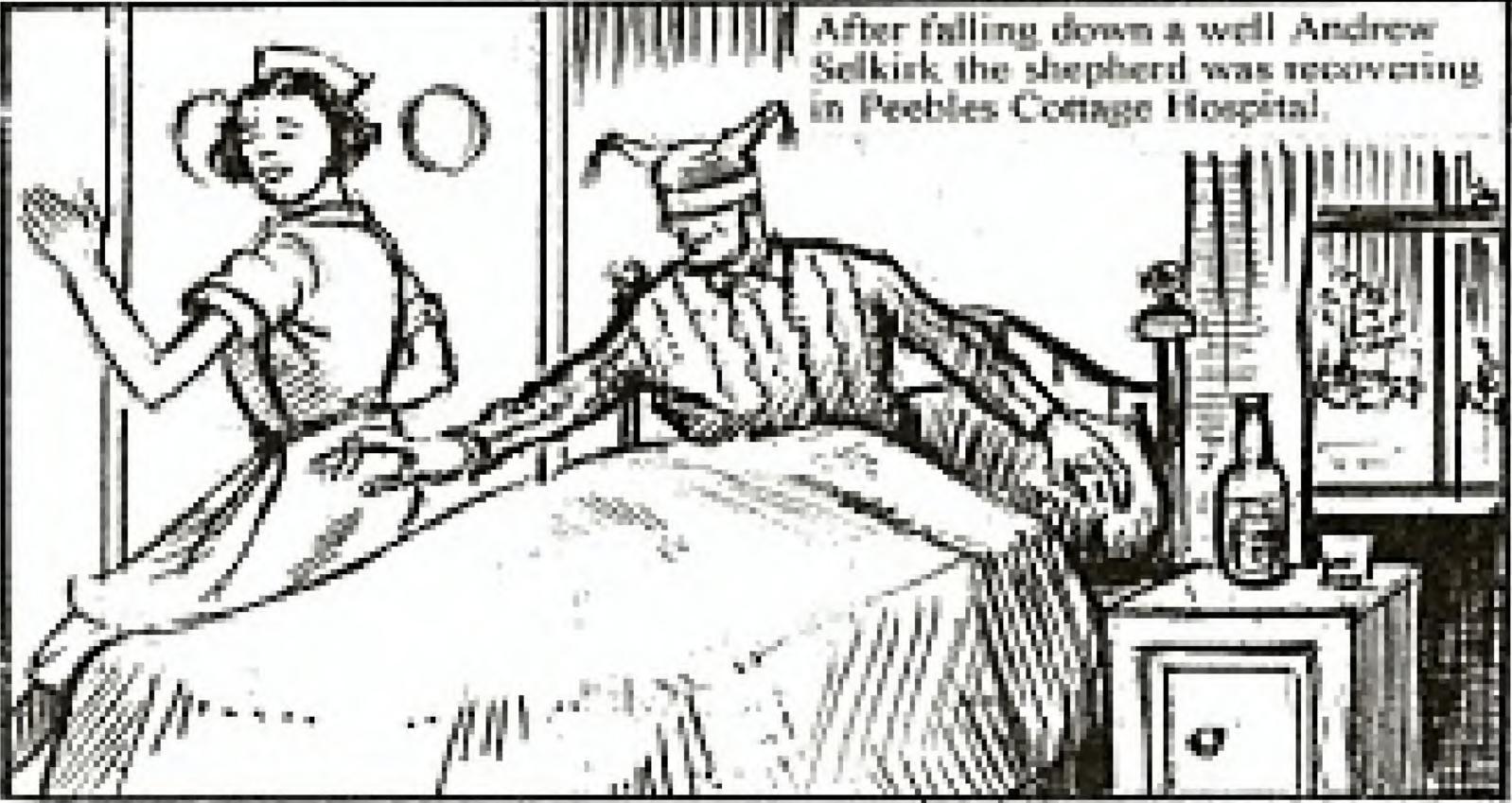




# Black BAG

## THE FAITHFUL BORDER BIN LINER

After falling down a well Andrew Selkirk, the shepherd was recovering in Peebles Cottage Hospital.



"Can you hear me, Mr Selkirk? You'll be in here over Christmas - again," the consultant told the brave shepherd.



"I wish we had a bag for all the presents. What's that strange noise, Gwen?" They looked round to find a flapping binliner.



"I've got the sack," shouted Nurse McLeod cheerfully.



Santa was delighted with Dag and stuffed him full of toys.



"Is that you boy? I'd know that nestle anywhere."



Bag proved to be a great favourite with the children. "I suppose he can stay, it is Christmas after all," said Matron.

HRH

# THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

## & HIS JOCULAR LARKS



## Christmas Day TV Choice

*your essential guide to what's on TV this Christmas...*

### Christmas Day:

9.00 BBC1: *Killroy Lives!* Lively debate. Today's subject: people who turn up for work in the morning skinned. 9.30 BBC2: *Celebrity Changing Graves*. Anne McNeriv jazzes up Les Dawson's traditional oak coffin with some leopard print fur-fur and a pot of luscious coloured paint, and Laurence Llewelyn-Bowen transforms Bill Owen's solid rocker into a Louis XIV fantasy palace whilst Randy Andy nicks the corpse's watch and wedding ring. 11.00 BBC1: *Sleep Tight Hat-very-good-but-shy-blonds* vet Trade Martus puts down the pets of the stars. 12.30 BBC1: *Christmas Sporting Bloomers*. Four mendacious digits at footballers' misnamed posse are spun out by means of interminable slow-motion repeats and Terry Wogan's lens linking boisterous into this two-hour Christmas Day spectacular. 2.30 BBC2: *Can't Think of an Original Programme, Won't Think of an Original Programme*. Two commissioning editors baffle it out to dish up a single creative thought. Presented by Adeley Harris. 3.00 BBC1: *HRH The Queen*. Miserable old cow talks wank in a dead path voice. 3.15 BBC1: *Brown Bread*. A new bitter-sweet sitcom from the pen of Carlo Lanza, set in the chapel of Rest at a Liverpool Cancer Hospital. 4.00 ITV: *Not Doing Much*. Hastings downspout. It's Christmas day and Dominic is staring at the

wall of his cage. Suddenly nothing else happens. Narrated by Peter O'Sullivan. 4.30 ITV: *You've Been Decapitated*. More hilarious fire brigade videos of industrial accidents, introduced by Lisa Riley wearing a floridly multi-coloured tent to disguise her plonkyed girth. 5.00 ITV: *Wheel of Fortune*. The same shit as all year, but streak of piss John Leslie wears a Santa costume in the picture in the TV Times. 5.30 BBC1: *Helicopter Police Doctor Vet*. Nettlehip, the unconvincing antique dealing mountain rescue pathologist with marital troubles is back for a new series. Stars Nick Berry, or if not, Kevin Whately. 7.00 ITV: *Emmerdale*. Mandy tells Zack that Seth Armstrong is Anne Brashay's dad, and spurned lesbian Zoe Tate eats Marlon's henbit and jumps off the Woolpack. 7.30 ITV: *Coronation Street*. Emily Bishop tells husband Ernie that her nephew Spider is really Coll Tilley's lovechild by Albert Sollock. Meanwhile, Les Butterby ropes Minnie Caldwell six ways, including ants, and the three barrel all the Rivers onto a big spike. 8.00 BBC1: *Eastenders*. Dirty Dan confesses to Ethel's dog, Little Willie that Phil the dog is the father of the taxi driver he murdered in Germany forty years ago. Great gives Phil the BBC's first pre-watermarked Indian kiss, and in a fit of jealousy, Dot Cotton jumps 80 feet from the roof of the Queen Vic through a flaming hoop and lands in a bath of acid only 8 inches across.

8.30 Ch4: *Brookside*. On his convoluted deathbed, Slabbed confesses to Mick that he caused only 6 of the 14 explosions in the Close this year. Meanwhile Max, in a stolt-jacket and postlocked upside down in a milk churn is trying to come to terms with Jeremy Corkhill's sex-change revelation that Barry Grant is not the father of Heather Haverham's two-headed snake baby. After eating dynamite, Ladies and Gentlemen, a blindfold Anabelle Collier is shot from a cannon over the Great Pyramid of Cheapside, leading in a flaming thimbleful of deadly poison balanced on unicycling Lee Dean's nose. Meanwhile, a phonecall brings welcome news for Ferry. 9.00 BBC1: *Panorama* - Is TV dumbing down? Presented by Dale Wilson and Bourne from Driving School. 9.30 BBC1: *Before They Were Born*. Angus Deayton ambushes the stars with more hilarious footage of their mother's embarrassing ultrasound scans. 10.15 BBC1: *Last of the Birds of a Grove and Morses*. An hour and a quarter of Christmas hilarity with all year favorite catch-phrases, as BBC comedy sitcom writers once again get the chance to prove that 25 minutes is the ideal length for a sitcom. 11.00 BBC2: *Charlie Dimmock's Pneumatic Drill Masterclass*. Seasonal fun with the big-sized gardener. 11.45 Ch5: *Hallelujah!* It's Raining Spunk 1992 TVM. Erotic Drama.

## Rogue Trader Shot Dead

By our financial staff,  
a man who, if he knew how  
to mark out as profane as  
he was, wouldn't have  
wrote a shoddy newspaper  
column to pay his bills.

Police marksmen last night shot dead a rogue trader after he ran amok on the floor of the London Stock Exchange.

There was a desperate scramble for the exits as the 13½ stone bull trader careered across the trading floor, trampling several stockbrokers and causing damage estimated at tens of thousand pounds.

### furred

Trading was halted for 3 hours whilst a fleet of ambulances ferried the dead and injured to nearby hospitals.

### trawlered

The rogue trader was eventually cornered near a basket of foreign currencies and killed



with a single shot to the head.

A spokesman for Kleinwort Benson Clearing Bank said: "It's a great shame."

### frigated

"These normally placid creatures usually spend their day roaming the floor looking to make vast profits for doing nothing. We suspect this one may have been financially wounded by falling gold prices and had come in search of a six-figure bonus."

# Simon Lotion TIME AND MOTION MAN



OH, AND BY THE BY, IF YOU'D COME IN IN TWO HOURS TIME WHEN THE SUPERMARKETS HAD CASHED UP, YOU COULD HAVE HAD A LOT MORE CASH.

NOW, SHOT ME IN THE LEG - EVERYONE HERE WILL BE BOTH TERRIFIED OF YOU, AND PRE-OCCUPIED WITH TRYING TO STOP ME BLEEDING, GIVING YOU TIME TO RE-LOAD AND FINISH OFF THE CASHIER.

NO! NO! NO! NOT THERE! I COULD STILL RUN. IT WANTS TO BE IN THE KNEE. YOU NEED TO THINK ABOUT IMMOBILISATION.

HERE! I'LL SHOW YOU.



# STUDENT GRANT



# RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

A TRUE STORY OF MEN WITH DUNKS

The Berlin Olympics of 1936 provided Adolf Hitler with the perfect opportunity to show off his so-called master race. But one man, the recently selected British sprinter Brad Travers was determined to prove him wrong.

OK BRAD, JUST KEEP RUNNING ALONG THE TRACK.

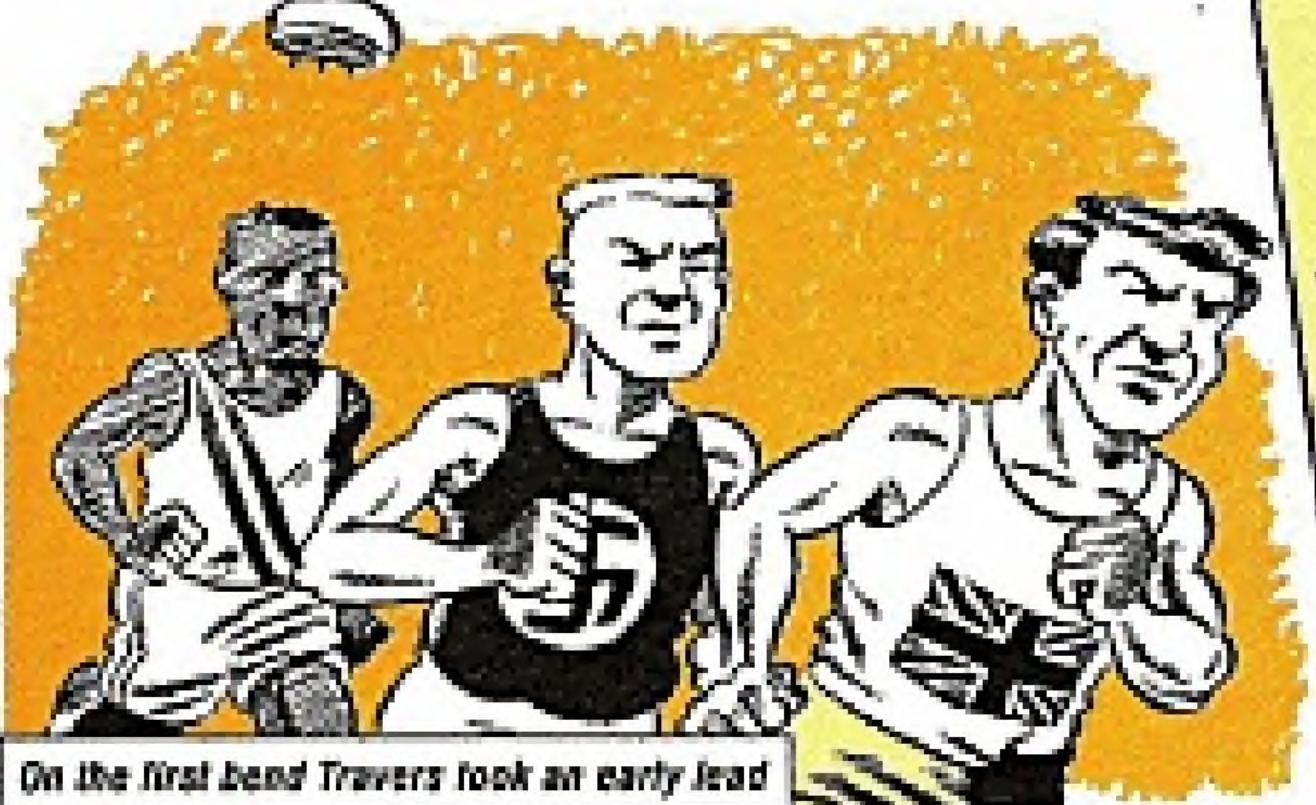
But Travers' ears were burning

Under starters orders.

DREI, ZWEI, EIN!

HERE GOES...

CRIKEY, THAT WAS CLOSE!



Meanwhile the German bunch were discussing an early switch of tactics.

WHISPER WHISPER...



From the midday sun a low flying Messerschmitt took the British athlete by surprise, a ricochet catching his calf.

The German runner was closing in fast.

WATCH YOUR STEP MERR BRITISHER, HA HA.



Moments later he found out exactly what he meant as a land mine exploded sending him 15 feet into the air.

HAPPY LANDINGS, HA HA.

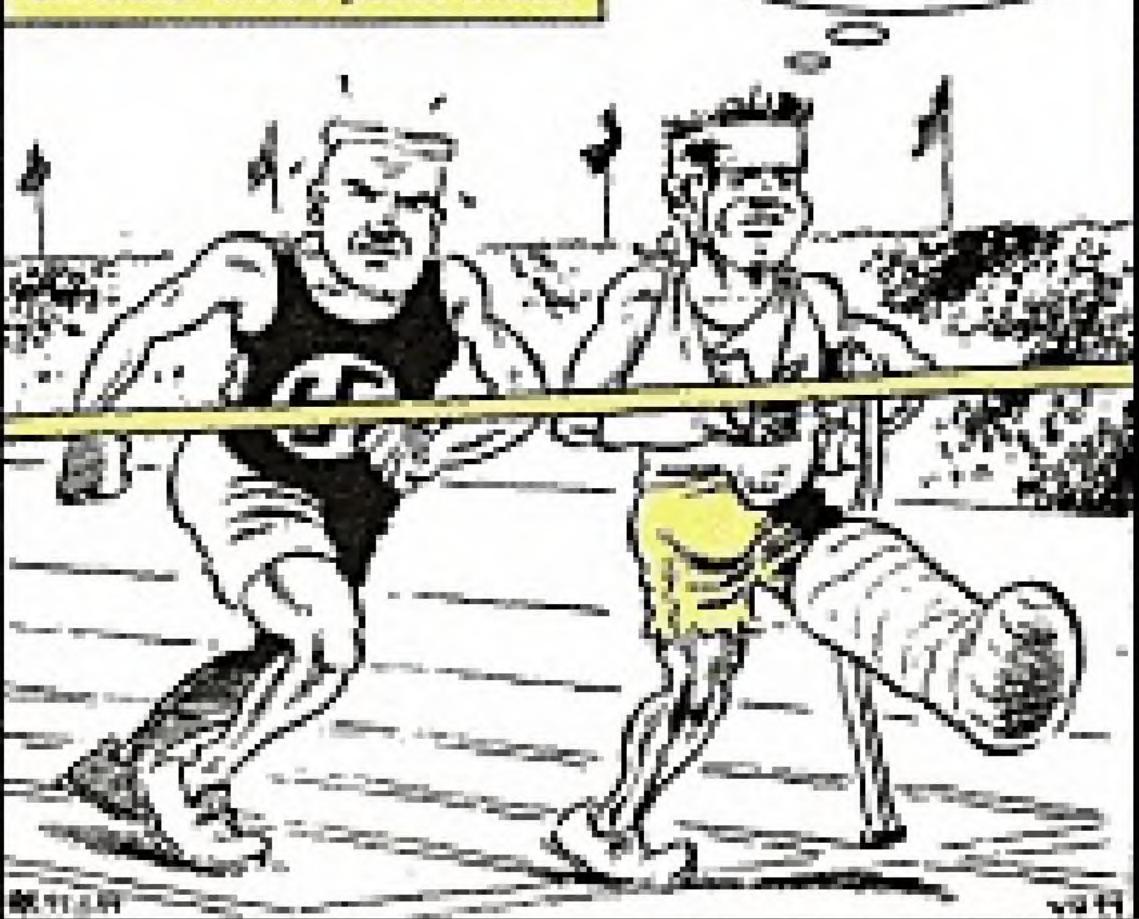
Within seconds he was back in the race and closing in on the rest of the field.

HMPF!



With the finishing line in sight the British athlete pulled ahead.

IF I CAN JUST...



As Travers crossed the line, he disappeared beneath the tracks of a German Panzer, but not before he had secured the Gold Medal.



Brad Travers went on to receive the Victoria Cross and, with his Olympic ambitions in ruins, Hitler decided to try full scale war instead.

The end

# THE MODERN PARENTS

John Fardell '99

3pm, 31st December 1999...

Essential food supplies  
all stored?

Check!

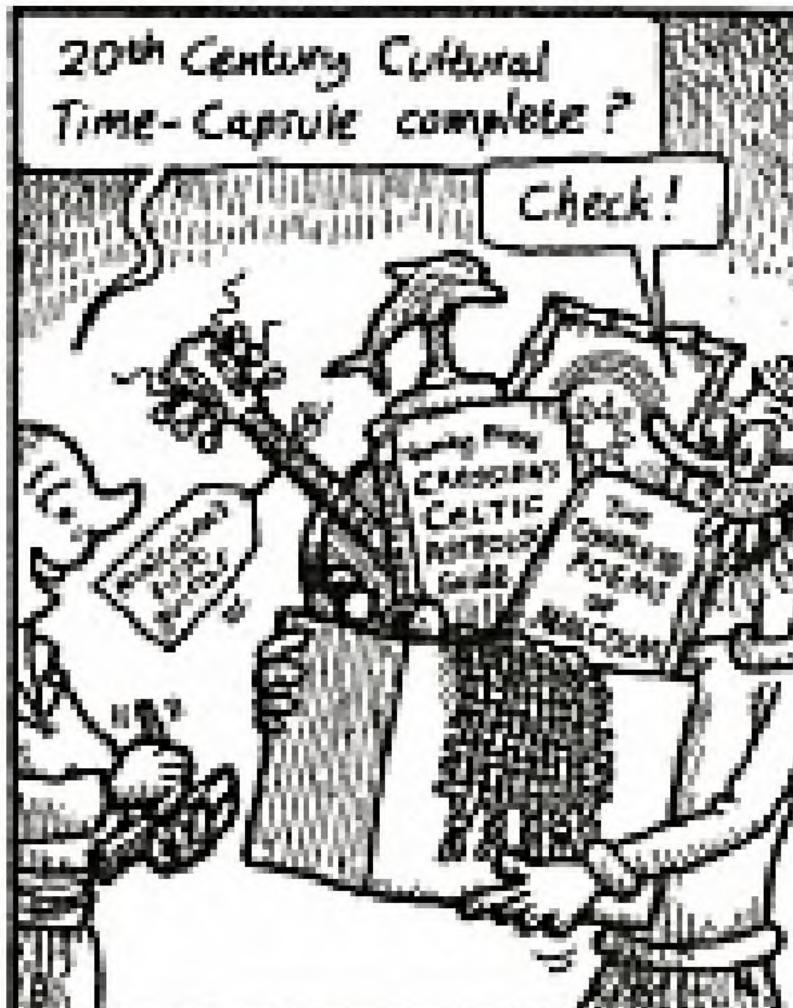
20th Century Cultural  
Time-Capsule complete?

Check!

Outer-Environment - Defence-  
and - Monitoring systems  
all in place?

Check!

Good!.. That's everything.  
The future of the planet  
is safe in our hands.

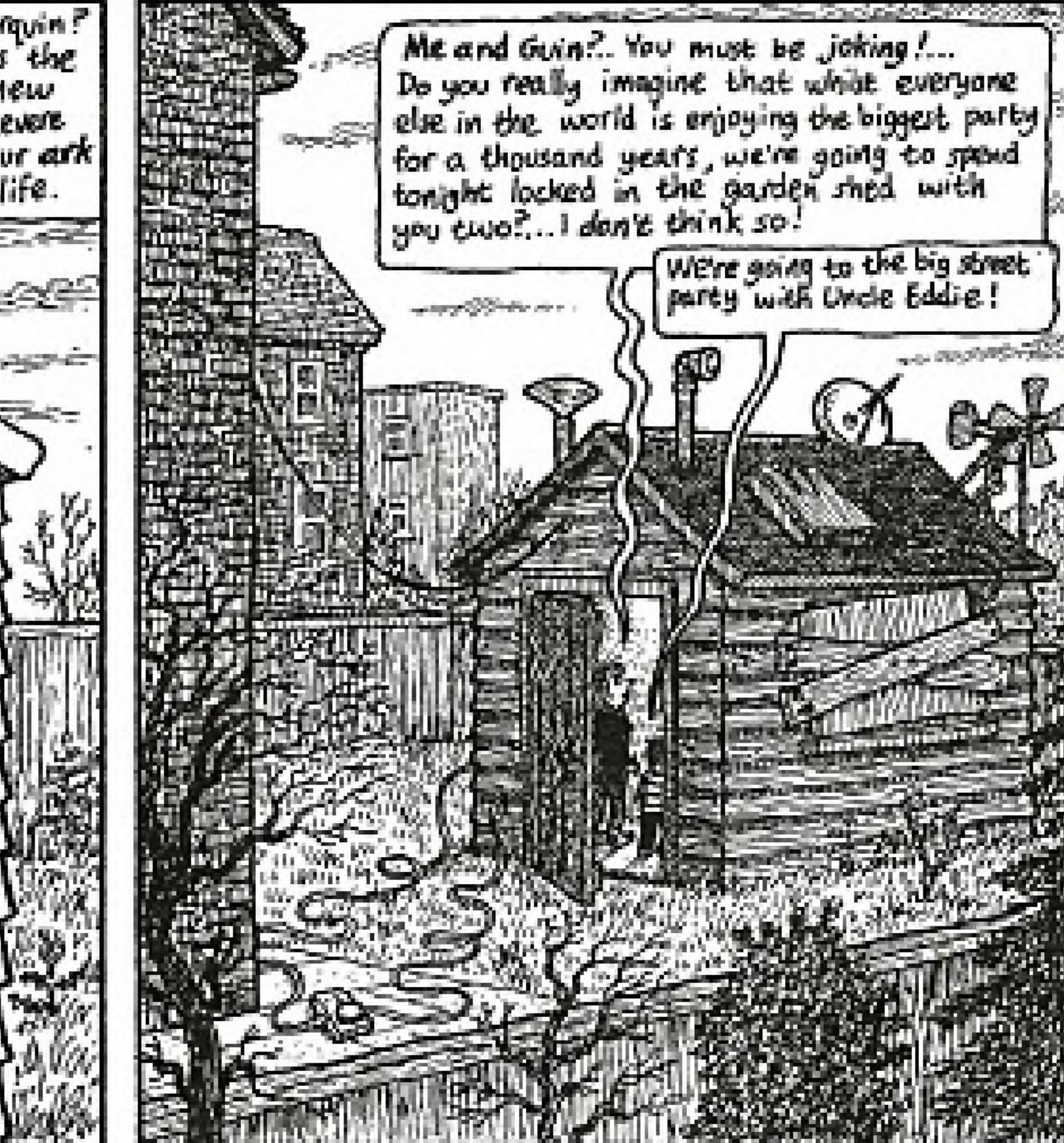


Since the authorities have  
barred ordinary citizens  
like us from the official  
bio-domes\*, it was clearly our  
humanitarian duty to create  
our own Millennium Sanctuary.

Aren't you grateful, Tarquin?  
At midnight tonight, as the  
world descends into a new  
dark age, you and Guinevere  
will be safe inside our ark  
of caring, civilised life.

Me and Guin?.. You must be joking!...  
Do you really imagine that whilst everyone  
else in the world is enjoying the biggest party  
for a thousand years, we're going to spend  
tonight locked in the garden shed with  
you two?... I don't think so!

We're going to the big street  
party with Uncle Eddie!



But...but you can't!...  
Don't you see?.. That's exactly  
what the authorities want you  
to do - bury your heads in the  
state-sponsored orgy of drunken  
oblivion, whilst the whole world  
burns in a wave of floods, nuclear  
disasters and asteroid collisions!

You must stay here with us!...  
You'll have to lead the new  
generation, who will emerge from  
shelters like this to rebuild a  
better world...

This sanctuary will be the  
headquarters of a new  
People's World Government.

Don't kid yourselves!  
Nobody knows or  
cares that you're  
here at all.

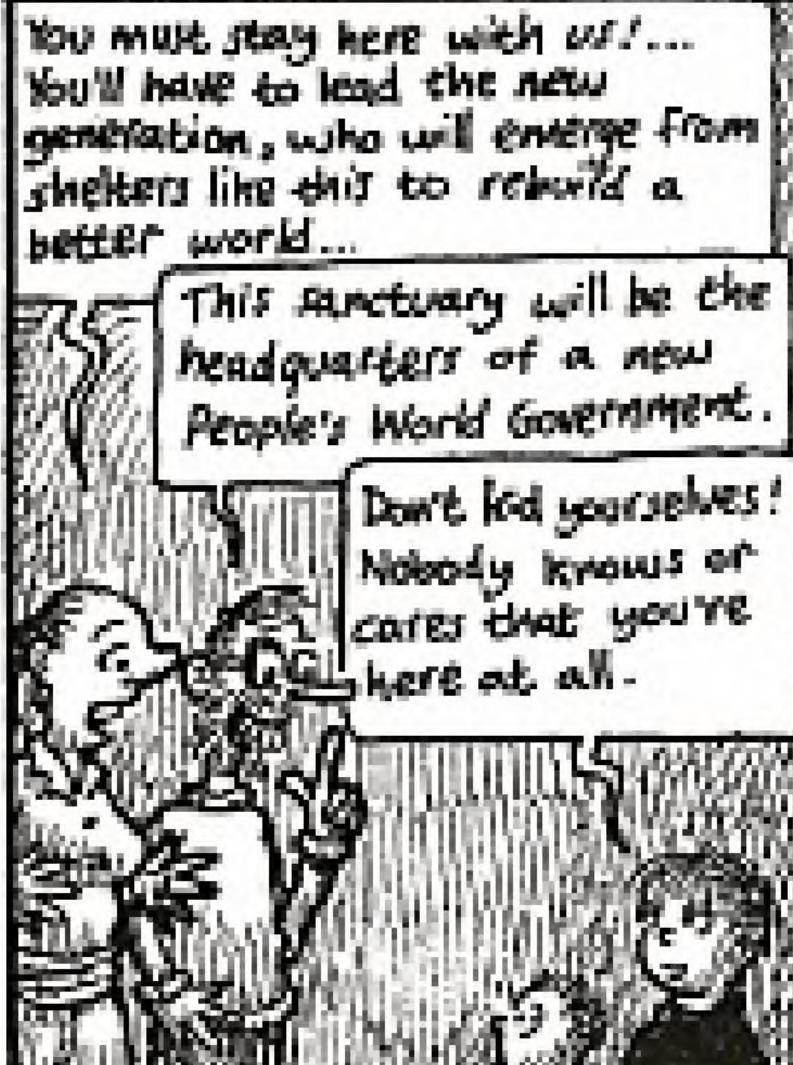
That's not true!...  
We've e-mailed Greenpeace  
already... We're the nerve-centre  
of a global network of eco-  
awareness.

Yeah yeah...  
Dream on...  
Come on, Guid...  
Let's go and get  
ready... Uncle Eddie  
will be picking us  
up soon...

Meanwhile...

**GREENPEACE UKONICS**

So, that's agreed, then?..  
We'll present our Millennium  
Night Award for Grass-Roots  
Eco-Projects to these people,  
Malcolm and Cressida, for  
their Millennium Sanctuary...



### GREENPEACE UK OFFICE

Absolutely! This Sanctuary sounds like a really original way to draw attention to global issues.

We'll go down there just after midnight and present the award in person... it'll be great publicity. I'll ring the BBC...



### BBC ESTHER'S HOGMANAY PRODUCTION OFFICE

Ordinary members of the public... Surprise Greenpeace award... Sounds like a great human interest story, Esther.

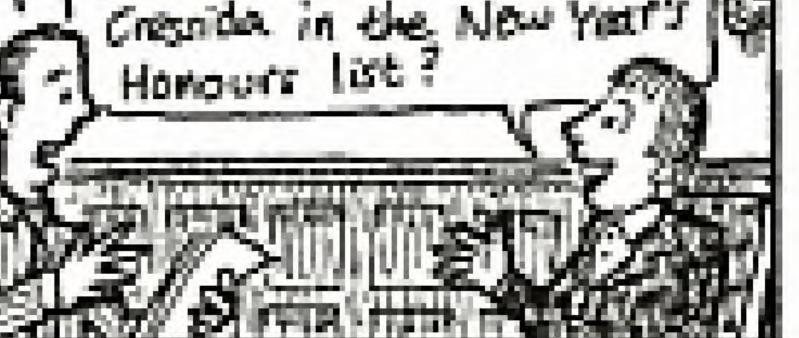
Why don't I go and fist-fet these people as they receive the award?... A heartwarming live T.V. moment!



### H.M. DEPT. OF THE ENVIRONMENT

Greenpeace are involved... And the BBC... Everyone's going to be talking about this Millennium Sanctuary, Minister?

Then I should go along and show that the government cares too... And why not include this Malcolm and Cressida in the New Year's Honours list?



### UNITED NATIONS LONDON HEADQUARTERS

We need to show the World that the U.N. can represent ordinary citizens in the 21st Century... Straight after midnight, we should appoint two new United Nations People's Ambassadors...

Great idea!... But who should we choose?



Midnight...

I can't believe Tarquin and Guinevere deserted us... Nic...

Have some more wild berry wine... I'm gonna have a look on the internet... See if the duchesses have started yet...



Uh? What's happened to the computer??

DATE: 1/1/00  
MALFUNCTION

DATE NOT RECOGNIZED  
User has failed to carry out recommended reprogramming.  
Etc etc



This is it! It's happened! Global warming has... has caused the millennium bug to... to... breed uncontrollably!... All the world's computer systems have crashed!!



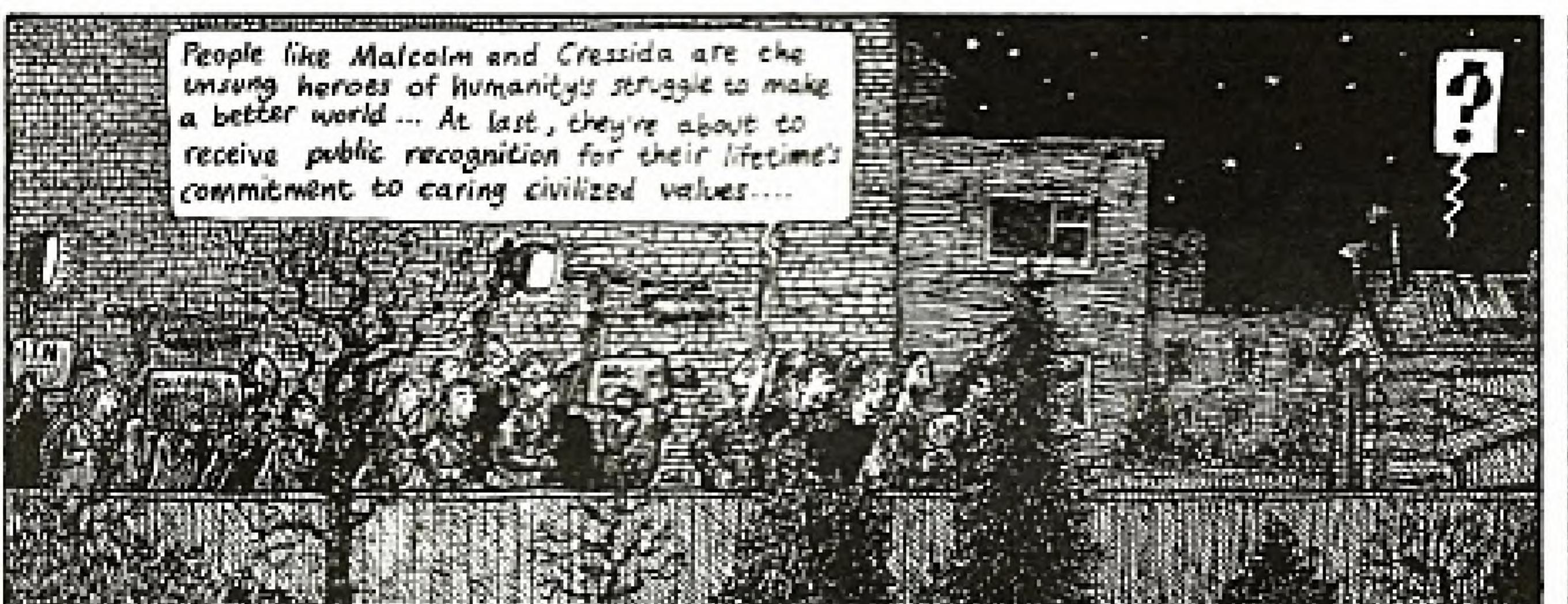
Government will grind to a standstill!... There'll be massive food shortages! Millions of unemployed youths will be deprived of their social security payments!... The inner-city underclasses will riot!



Quick! Have a look through the periscope and see what's going on out there...



People like Malcolm and Cressida are the unsung heroes of humanity's struggle to make a better world... At last, they're about to receive public recognition for their lifetime's commitment to caring civilized values....



There's a gang of intruders approaching!! Looters!! We must defend the sanctuary!!



So Cressida and Malcolm didn't fancy coming out to enjoy the party too, Tarquin?

No... They said it was an orgy of drunken oblivion.



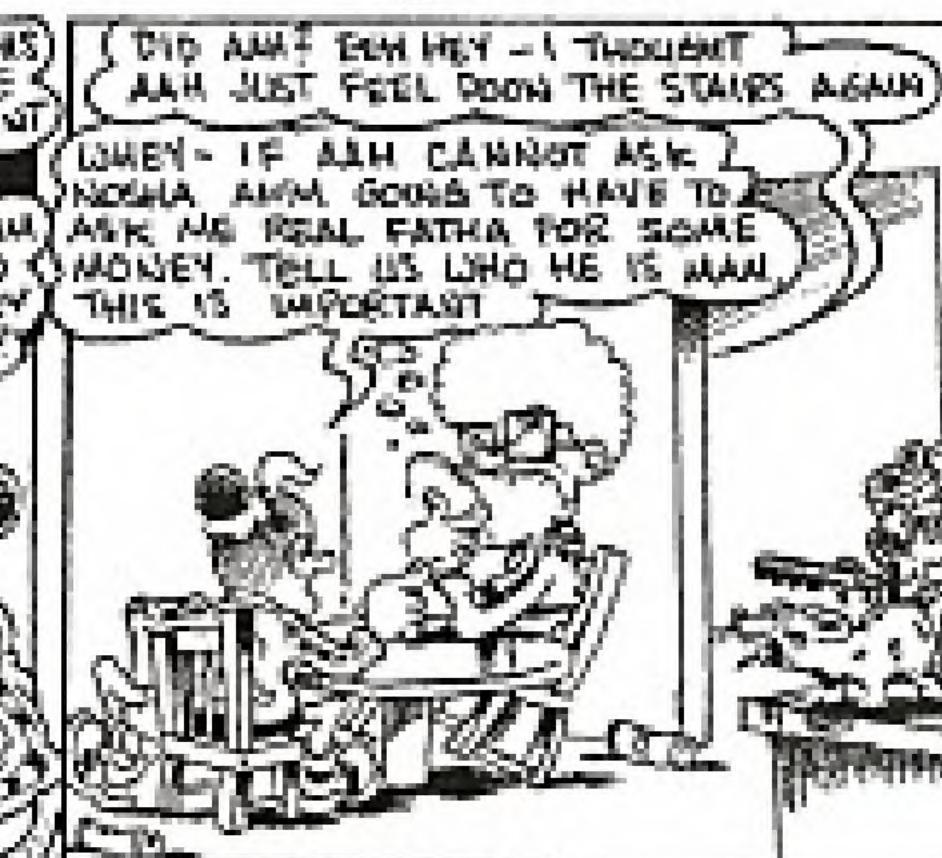
GET AWAY FROM OUR PROPERTY!! GET BACK TO YOUR COUNCIL ESTATES!!

BURN, YOU UNDERCLASS SCUM!!



# Tasha Slappa

BUS STOP  
EEH



## LOCAL NEWS

### MARRIAGES

Mr. WAYNE CURTIS to Miss. KYLIE-MARIE DUFFY

The wedding of Wayne Curtis and Kylie-Marie Duffy took place at Fulchester Registry Office on Saturday.

The bridegroom, 38 year-old son of Mr and Mrs. Les Curtis was sporadically educated between suspensions at Fulchester Comprehensive School, and now works as a freelance tarmac operative.

The 16-year old bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. Bert Duffy, a dodgem car mechanic from Barnton Pleasure Beach.

She was given away by her father who spent the ceremony glaring at the groom and muttering obscenities under his breath.

Wearing a pure white, veiled maternity wedding dress made of Duchess Satin, she carried a large bunch of Esso Mini-mart flowers held in front of her abdomen.

The groom's brother, Frankie 'Diryarse' Curtis was the best man, and the ushers were made up of several of the best man's friends from 'The Roadfuckers,' a motorcycling enthusiasts association. During the reception, which was held in the function room upstairs at 'The Dog and Hammer' public house, the bride's father repeatedly interrupted the groom's speech, calling him a 'cradle snatching cunt'.

A vicious fist-fight broke out between them, culminating in the knocking over of the wedding cake, which was made by the bride's auntie, Mrs. Vera Brody.

The groom's mother, wearing a salmon-pink ballerina



length dress and clashing scarlet pill-box hat, took off one of her white court shoes and attacked Mr. Duffy, screaming at him to 'less it for fuck's sake, for fuck's sake less it, will you?'

Order was restored and the two families re-grouped at opposite ends of the room for an afternoon of heavy drinking. At the evening reception, music was provided by 'The Diamond Nites Experience', a mobile discotheque operated by the groom's brother, Terry.

Tensions again boiled over into ugly scenes of violence during a raucous singalong rendition of Jeff Beck's 'Hi- Ho Silver Lining'. Fists flew after the groom wagged his tongue and pushed his face into the cleavage of the chief bridesmaid, 14-year old Tracie-Marie Duffy, the bride's sister.

The bride's father, wearing

an ill-fitting brown suit and training shoes, broke a chair over his son-in-law's back, and was immediately glassed in the throat by the Head Groomsman, Mr. Edward 'Psycho' Foster, wearing a traditional motorcyclist's outfit of torn, oil-soaked jeans and a leather waistcoat. The ensuing mellee was broken up by a guard of 20 officers from the Fulchester Police Rapid Response Unit, led by Sgt. William Howse, who wore a dark blue serge tunic with silver buttons, matching trousers and a protective hat, all set off by a highly polished teak truncheon. In attendance were Sheba, Saracen and Simba from the Barnton Constabulary Canine Unit.

The couple, who intend to live at his mum's, honeymooned on a sofa in his mum's spare room in Shit Street, Fulchester.

The bride's mother, wearing a salmon-pink ballerina

## Animal cruelty man fined

A WIMBLEDON man has been fined £600 and banned from keeping pets for a year after being found guilty of organising illegal Womble fights.

Terry Freeman, 26, pleaded guilty to 8 counts of illegally trapping Wombles, hunting them with a Jack Russell terrier, and causing unnecessary suffering to 14 of the litter gathering rodents.



"Unfortunately, Womble fights have not stopped, they've just been driven underground, overground."

After the fight, the video was handed to the police, but three of the Wombles involved, Tomsk, Orinoko and Madame Cholet had to be destroyed by RSPCA vets.

### video

The court was shown shocking video evidence of one of the fights, filmed secretly by an undercover RSPCA officer and narrated by Bernard Cribbins.

Sickening scenes showed the blood-covered animals being goaded by jeering crowds before being thrown into a small arena to tear each other apart.

### decline

"Wombles have been a protected species since 1919 after snaring and fighting caused the breeding population to decline to just a handful of individuals" said Adrian Street, Chief Inspector of the RSPCA.

Is it a telly? Is it a shed?  
It's neither, yet it's BOTH!

It's a

## TellyShed



£199

## MICHAEL WINNER GETS HIS DINNER



# Raffles

# The Gentleman Thug

RAFFLES & BUNNY ARE SPENDING XMAS DAY AT GAOSHILL, THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF OLD DAD'S AUTHOR, CHARLES DICKENS.



MEDIA  
ART

## Tara Palmer Banana Pajama Thompson

SUNDAY TIMES

HELLO TARA - IT'S SUNDAY TOMORROW AND I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR 100 WORD WEEKLY COLUMN YET?

BAH! I'VE NOT EVEN STARTED IT YET. I'VE BEEN FAR TOO BUSY THIS WEEK ACLEEP TO SHOW OFF MY BRAND NEW 'RALPH LAUREN' NIGHTIE ...

I KNOW! I'LL GO TO A PARTY AT THE 'K-BAR' IN SOHO IN MY NEW \$60K HONDA AT 90MPH WITH THE ELECTRIC ROOF DOWN - RIGHT NOW!

SO, IF MY FATHER ONCE MET PRINCESS ANNE AND I'M WEARING VERSACE LET ME IN! BAR

IMMEDIATELY...

DRINK DRINK!  
SHOOT SHOOT!  
DRINK DRINK!!

NEXT DAY... A GOR! MY POOR HEAD - OH NO! I'VE GOT FIVE MINUTES TO WRITE 100 WORDS ABOUT THE PARTY AND I CAN'T REMEMBER A THING!!

SO... PHEW! THAT'S IT TAKED OFF. IT'S QUITE EXHAUSTING BEING AN AWFUL LIVING JOURNALIST - STILL, IT'S IMPORTANT TO KEEP ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE PRESS

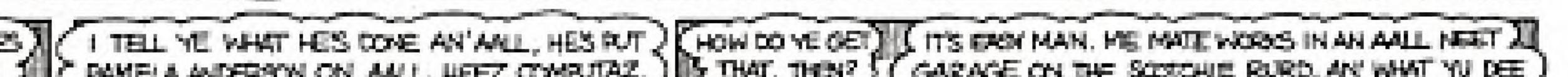
BUT...

GASP!! EW-HEE



I KNOW! I'LL JUST WRITE MY NAME IN FULL!

# THE GORDON



A BILLION, MAN.

HOW MUCH AS A BILLION?

THREE AS MUCH AS A MILLION. HE CAN BUY OUT IN THE WORLD.

GOT 'EEZ AAN JUMBUR JET MAN. COMES TO WORK IN IT. MIND, HE'S DOOM TO DETH. HE AALWEZ SITS IN THE CHOPP SEATS, FOR TO NOT SHUR OFF AN' THAT.



THAT'S GENIUS THAT IS. NEE WUNDA HE'S THE RICHEST BLURK ALIVE.

